HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1889.

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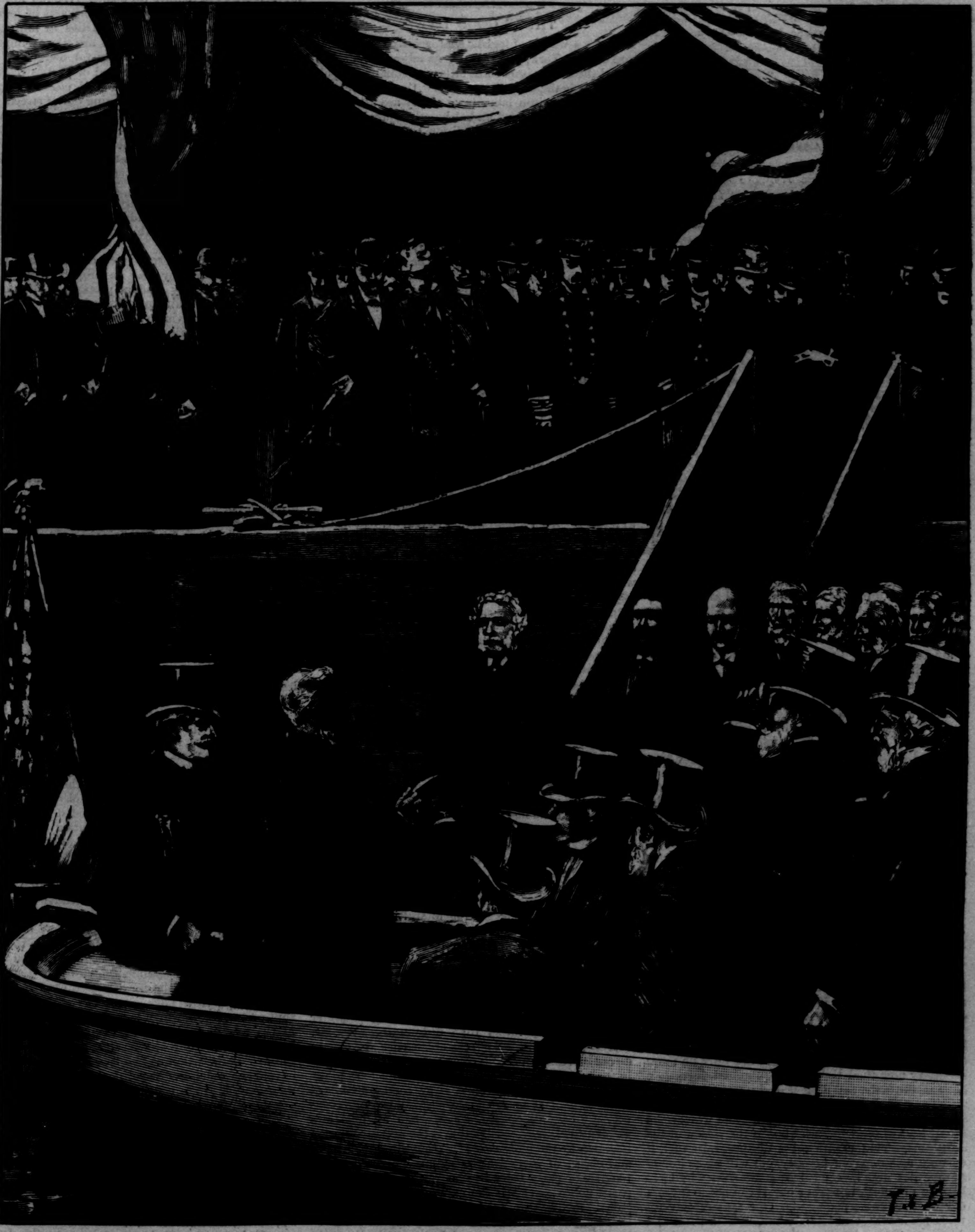


THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION—PRESIDENT HARRISON LANDING AT THE FOOT OF WALL STREET, MONDAY, APRIL 29.—Drawn by De Thulstrup and Bodfish.

"Harper's Young People is a marvel of entertainment. The wealth of its contents is simply amazing."—*Hartford Courant.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly for Boys and Girls.

In addition to the two serials "Dorymates" and "Princess Liliwinkins," and a capital short story, the number of Harper's Young People *for May 7th contains a narrative of actual happenings which were stranger than fiction, and which stand alone among the stories of shipwreck with which our epoch is familiar. It is that of*

THE NAVAL DISASTER IN SAMOA.

The story itself is of absorbing interest, but the facts are emphasized and made more real by the four illustrations, engraved from photographs taken immediately after the hurricane. Only by the aid of such pictures as these can the mind realize the magnitude of the disaster.

Supplementary to this story of shipwreck is a full-page engraving entitled "Rescue," after the painting by Tom M. Hemy, *in the Royal Academy of* 1888.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

No. 1690, with Sixteen-page Supplement.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

The usual instalment of Mr. Howells's *serial story, "A Hazard of New Fortunes," is omitted from the present number of the* Weekly, *but will be found in the next number.*

THE THREE DAYS.

THE great celebration was in every way successful. The sun shone, the air was cool and inspiring, and the long previous rains had quickened the blossoming front of spring, so that the natural setting of the spectacle was all that could be desired. The city was unwontedly decorated; the immense throngs of people were characteristically good-humored; the military and industrial processions were brilliant and imposing, and happily no serious mishap marred the universal pleasure. The speeches were all admirable. Mr. **Depew**'s oration was a glowing and comprehensive survey of the events and persons that chiefly influenced the formation of the Constitution and of the amazing material development of the century. Its tone was naturally one of patriotic pride and exultation, and its style happily illustrated the graceful felicity and fluency of the orator. Bishop **Potter**'s address at St. Paul's was a masterly and searching contrast of the mercenary meanness of our politics with the lofty patriotism and moral rectitude of **Washington**. It was the true Christian cry, "Repent, repent"—the noble improvement of a great and unprecedented opportunity. The speeches at the banquet were brief, and all of them most fitting; and the industrial procession which closed the festivities was a suggestive pageant without which the commemoration would have been incomplete, for it is to enterprise and industry, to peace and not to war, that the miracle of America to-day is due.

The city and the country may well be proud and satisfied with the three days devoted to the celebration. Its tone was naturally one of exultation. The text was the greatness of **Washington** and our own glory. But the address of Bishop **Potter** spoke also for a deep and general feeling. The more we extol **Washington**, the more we praise a standard of character and conduct by which our own are necessarily measured. The historic church in which he spoke was crowded with the highest officers of the government and distinguished citizens of every kind. As he described the public activity of the first great officer of the government, the spirit which animated and the principles which directed him, was he describing the public course and spirit and principle of political action of the eminent men who sat in the pews before him? Was the mere statement of the simple truth about **Washington** a solemn rebuke of our present politics? Undoubtedly it was, and undoubtedly the whole occasion, by bringing **Washington** more plainly and definitely into the public mind, has recalled the older and higher ideals of our politics, and reminded us that what was practicable in **Washington**'s day is practicable in ours, and that mean and ignoble conduct, the selling of offices for money, or for party and personal service, are not only no more necessary now than they were a hundred years ago, but constitute the real danger of the republic.

Let any man consider who were the actual political leaders of New York at that time, and who are its actual leaders now, and ask himself the reason of the difference. That reason must disappear, because it will not restore public honesty, but will make it constantly less and less, until **Washington** will have become mythical, not from our reverence, but from our contemptuous disregard. Our fathers encountered great evils, and bravely battled with them and overcame them triumphantly, and we must confront our evils as bravely. When **Washington** was rowed up the bay to be inaugurated, and the little town of that time came out to offer him the best welcome it could command, he wrote in his diary that he considered the reverse of the scene, "which may be the case after all my labors to do good." He foresaw the possibility of the failure of what he called the experiment, and what he had in mind was undoubtedly the moral rather than the industrial failure, "since," as he said in his inaugural address, "we ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which Heaven itself has ordained." It is to the perception of this truth, which is the great lesson of the great celebration, that Bishop **Potter** recalled the thoughts of the distinguished company in St. Paul's, and it is this perception, more and more extended, which is the hope of the government which now enters upon its second century.

THREE GOOD LAWS.

After a winter of legislative torpidity the Legislature of New York, approaching its adjournment, has passed three very important bills with startling rapidity. Among them are the excise law, the ballot reform law, and the prison labor law. They are all acts of the highest importance, and although injured, as usual, by amendments, their addition to the statutes of the State would be a very great public service, and a service to be accredited to the Republican party. For it is one of the significant facts in the history of this legislation that the bills were adopted by a strictly party vote. All three provide for the remedy of abuses universally recognized, and all three are demanded by the best intelligence and character of the State, and all three were opposed by the representatives of the Democratic party. The facts illustrate the wisdom of the remark of Mr. **Seth Low** a year ago, that upon the great questions of reform in the State the Republican party is right, while upon the national question of tariff reform it is wrong.

This is the reason that absolute and indiscriminate support of a party as a party is, under existing circumstances, impossible for many most reasonable, intelligent, and patriotic citizens, and the reason why they decline to accept a party name. A man who is in favor of ballot reform, high license, a sound system of convict labor, and tariff revision in the interest of consumers—that is, of the people—cannot call himself a Republican or a Democrat, because neither the present Republican nor the Democratic platform favors that scheme. If he be also a friend of civil service reform he cannot take either party name, because both parties show themselves in practice hostile to reform. Such a man cannot be truly called fastidious or impracticable, because the questions we have mentioned are the paramount public issues. He is compelled as an honest citizen to vote for candidates who will favor the policy that he approves, and consequently at the late election such men generally voted with the Republicans upon State questions and with the Democrats for tariff revision. When they are taunted with taking no active part in the primary movements of politics, they truly reply that it is not the result of any want of interest or desire of participation upon their part. But if they attempt to take part in the primary meetings of either party they find themselves barred by the necessity of accepting the entire party policy. If, for instance, it had been known that a man intended to vote against Governor **Hill** and the liquor interest and Mayor **Grant** and the policy of Tammany Hall, although he meant to support Mr. **Cleveland**, he would not have been admitted to vote in the Democratic primary. On the other hand, if he had declared his purpose of supporting Mr. **Warner Miller**, high license, ballot reform, and convict labor, but also to vote for tariff revision personified by Mr. **Cleveland**, the Republican primaries would have been closed to him.

Such men are not so unreasonable as to expect "to have their way in everything," but it does not follow that they ought to be willing to stultify themselves unnecessarily. If they forbear participation in the party primaries upon thoce terms, they can vote according to their convictions. But if upon those terms they participate in the primaries, they cannot vote honestly. No decent American can hesitate what to do under such circumstances, and if there be any fault it is certainly not that of those who prefer to vote honestly rather than dishonestly. As Mr. **Bryce** states truly and effectively, parties in America do not represent differing views upon public questions in such a way that those who agree can belong to the same party, and no question is by common consent so prominent as to supersede entirely the others, as was the case thirty years ago, when all questions yielded to slavery. That this is the actual situation is shown by the undeniable fact that the chief interest and object of party leaders at present is the maintenance of party organization, not the advance of a party policy. This is the explanation of the party "deal" in the New York Legislature, and of the fact that Dr. **Daniel Dorchester**, lately appointed by the President Superintendent of Indian Schools, is described by the *Tribune*, not as a person fitted by special knowledge and interest as well as by character and capacity to discharge a duty from which every political and party consideration should be banished, but solely as "a temperance Republican, and is said to have rendered the Republican party considerable service as a newspaper contributor and public speaker." In this situation the mugwump or independent voter, although daily announced to be extinct, is more multitudinous than ever.

THE "DEAL" AT ALBANY.

The "deal" in the New York Legislature by which certain public officers are legislated out of office and the membership of certain city commissions is reduced to two each, one to be selected from each of the great parties, is simply a bargain between party leaders for the division of municipal spoils. It is an interesting transaction as illustrating the fact that parties now exist mainly for spoils. We say nothing of the absurdity of placing in solemn acts of legislation a recognition of political parties in municipal administration, in which politics are simply impertinent, and are introduced wholly for mercenary objects. But upon the true ground of parties the deal betrays its venal character. For if politics may be properly introduced into the laying out of streets and lighting and draining them, into the organization of the police and the management of the public parks, then honest adherents of one party would no more give its adversary an advantage than honest anti-slavery men would have given the slavery party an advantage thirty years ago. By strenuous argument and eloquent appeal each party would strive to secure the control of the city administration and gladly assume its entire responsibility, as in the national administration.

This is the common-sense view of parties and party politics wherever they may be properly recognized. But when the party leaders propose to divide the responsibility of municipal administration upon the basis of an equal division of spoils it is a frank public confession that parties as representative of policies of administration, which is their only reason for existence, have nothing to do with the business. It is a mere bargain by which for a satisfactory consideration each side agrees to take a share of the money paid for the care of the city and to distribute it among the party workers. By its disposition of this money each side hopes to strengthen its organization. There can be nothing more corrupt and demoralizing than such a bargain, which is a mortal blow at the legitimate office of parties. It turns them from organizations designed practically to enforce certain principles of public policy into combinations to plunder the public treasury. It shows in the strongest light the necessity of preventing the conditions which make such a bargain desirable and feasible, by securing the payment of the public money for such services to persons who are not selected by political favor for the very purpose of making them party tools.

A deal or bargain of this kind is always easier upon the basis of municipal government, for the reason that everybody knows that party politics are absurd when applied to city administration. The Central Railroad could be as sensibly managed by a political party as the city of New York. It is because of this fact, which is undeniable, that deals of the present kind are made. A proposition to divide the President's cabinet equally between the parties would be laughed to scorn, because of the intention of our elections. Elections are held to determine at stated periods which policy, of those which are advocated in Congress, in the press, and on the platform, the majority of voters prefer. The choice being made, the direction of that policy is intrusted to those who favor it, to whom also the execution of the laws made by its legislative representatives is committed. They are political officers. Those who are justly so called, and only those, are properly charged with a change of the policy indicated by the election. This is the legitimate function and procedure of parties, and a proposal to make a deal would at once expose the fact that the pretence of honest party difference was merely a solemn farce. Such a deal as that just accomplished at Albany by tricks of legislation which prevent any previous public knowledge or discussion in the press or Legislature of action most important to the city of New York is an unscrupulous and corrupt performance, which happily, however, will only hasten reforms which will prevent such transactions hereafter. The one conservative and consoling fact in our annals is that as fast as our political methods develop new abuses, our political conscience and common-sense begin to correct them.

THE JUBILEE OF THE CONSTITUTION.

In all that was said, and said so well, in anticipation of the late national commemoration, we saw little allusion to the celebration of the jubilee of the Constitution on the 30th of April, 1839, except the account in the official programme. It was, however, a very notable event, if only for the discourse of the orator, **John Quincy Adams**, who gave the Jubilee as the title of his oration. The celebration was held under the auspices of the New York Historical Society. As in this year, the day fell on Tuesday, and on the previous Monday evening Mr. ADAMS arrived from Washington. He was received by the society at its rooms in the Stuyvesant Institute, on Broadway opposite Bond Street, and afterward the company was entertained at the house of Mr. GERARD STUYVESANT, then president of the society. On the following morning at eleven o'clock the society and its guests assembled at the City Hotel, in Broadway just above Trinity Church. Colonel JOHN TRUMBULL, WASHINGTON's aide, was there, and General MORGAN LEWIS, Justice THOMPSON of the Supreme Court, General SCOTT, Commodore CLAXTON, and many more conspicuous citizens, and at twelve o'clock the company moved in procession to the Middle Dutch Church, in Cedar Street—afterward transformed into the Post-office—which was crowded with people "comprising much of the beauty and fashion of the city," who were admitted by tickets, and another great throng was unable to enter the building. Upon the platform was placed the chair which had been occupied by WASHINGTON at his inauguration. This chair was taken by Mr. ADAMS, who was supported on his right by President STUYVESANT, and on the left by PHILIP HONE.

The proceedings began with a prayer by Rev. Dr. KNOX, one of the associate pastors of the Collegiate Church, and was followed by Mr. BRYANT's now familiar ode, written for the occasion, "Great were the hearts and strong the minds." The oration of Mr. ADAMS followed, and occupied two hours. One of WASHINGTON's successors, and a worthy son of a noble sire, he was remarkably fitted, by native ability, profound knowledge, and prolonged public experience, to speak upon such an occasion. Mr. ADAMS was not an orator, but a man versed in public speech, and of an intellectual force and personal character which gave great weight and authority to his words. His oration, without rhetorical grace or charm, is still one of the best comparative studies of the government of the Confederation and that of the Constitution, and one of the clearest statements of the peculiar and extraordinary value of WASHINGTON's service to the country as President. He showed that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution both proceeded from the people, that the single States were never sovereign, and that the Confederation departed from the principles of the Constitution, and instead of the constituent power of the people put forward the assumed sovereignty of each separate State as the source of all authority. This scheme was necessarily futile, and the country was saved by a return to the principles of the Declaration, which was the work of one people, and one people the United States, although then doubled in numbers, continued to be. The reasoning of the oration is conclusive, and its vindication of the Union triumphant. The exercises at the church ended with a prayer by Dr. WAINWRIGHT, afterward bishop of the diocese.

In the evening at six o'clock the society and its guests sat down to dinner at the City Hotel, Mr. STUYVESANT presiding, supported by PHILIP HONE, Judge BETTS, and CHARLES KING; and speeches were made by Mr. STUYVESANT, Mr. ADAMS, Mr. HONE, General SCOTT, Commodore CLAXTON, MORGAN LEWIS, Judge DAVIS of Boston, Senator S. L. SOUTHARD of New Jersey, WILLIAM WILLIS of the Maine Historical Society, and JOHN HOWLAND of the Rhode Island Society. After an ode by GRENVILLE MELLEN and an impromptu by WILLIAM CUTTER, there was a fusillade of crisp toasts, and after cheering a fine transparency representing the inauguration at Federal Hall, the company regretfully separated. The last words of Mr. ADAMS's oration, forecasting the day which has just been proudly and magnificently observed, were these:

> "So may your children's children at the next return of this day of jubilee, after a full century of experience under your national Constitution, celebrate it again in the full enjoyment of all the blessings recognized by you in the commemoration of this day, and of all the blessings promised to the children of Israel upon Mount Gerizim as the reward of obedience to the law of God!"

A MEMORIAL OF HENRY G. PEARSON.

THE proposal of a suitable memorial of the late HENRY G. PEARSON has been received with great favor by his friends and by those who are familiar with his career. Engaged in the public service from his boyhood until his death, his official course illustrates the character, convictions, courage, and ability which would effectually correct the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the form of official patronage. "The unlimited power to grant office and to take it away," said Mr. WEBSTER, in advocating the repeal of the four years laws, "gives a command over the hopes and fears of a vast multitude of men. It is generally true that he who controls another man's means of living controls his will. Where there are favors to be granted there are usually enough to solicit for them, and when favors once granted may be withdrawn at pleasure, there is ordinarily little security for personal independence of character." Mr. WEBSTER here touches one of the worst results of the spoils system. It tends to destroy the self-respect of the recipient, and this country is alone among civilized nations in encouraging the loss of self-respect as the condition of entrance upon its service. This is but one of the evils which result from the American system, and which in the aggregate have aroused the public mind to the demand of reform.

Those, however, who advocate reform in the press and on the platform without the responsibility of office may be readily contemned as visionaries, and the long tradition and general acceptance of the abuse may be cited against them as evidences of its popular approval. The retort that those who are interested to maintain and aggravate an abuse always call indifference or ignorance approval, although perfectly true, is a reply in the air. But the man in a great office who, amid every kind of malicious obstruction from his superior officers, and complete misapprehension among many of his associates, quietly persists, and at the sacrifice of health, and even life itself, triumphantly demonstrates the incontestable advantage of reform, economically, politically, and morally, and proves in the daily conduct of one of the largest offices in the world that faithful adherence to those principles makes it one of the best offices in the world, will be hated and recklessly slandered by those who live by the venal methods whose character he thoroughly and practically exposes, but he furnishes the resistless argument by which such causes at last prevail, and dying at his post is as truly a sacrifice to his country as any other hero who falls in battle.

This was PEARSON's service. There is no danger so instant and so menacing to this country as the corruption of elections, and it is aggravated by nothing so much as by the expenditure of public money in the form of party patronage. Civil service reform seeks to regulate that expenditure upon sound business principles, and devotes it to the service of the public and not to the profit of party "bosses." PEARSON's management of the chief post-office in the country, with a small army of subordinates, with an immense business and enormous revenues, demonstrated how this could be done, and in doing it he performed a signal and most timely service. In doing it, also, he was the leader, not of a forlorn hope, but of the van of an advancing army of public officers whose trusts will be administered all the sooner and all the more efficiently for the public welfare alone, and more honorably to the American name, because of the brave and silent fight of PEARSON. His heroic devotion to duty under extraordinary difficulties stimulated and aggravated a fatal malady. But, undismayed by enmity, unseduced by friendship, tranquil amid a struggle which he had not sought but could not decline, he held faithfully to the end, and died. His noble life and manly character, in which faith and firmness and courage were exquisitely blended with modesty, gentleness, and simplicity, will always endear him to those who shared his faith and his hope, and pledge them anew to the good cause for which he died. In the history of the movement to rescue political life and the public service from the grasp of mercenary class privilege and restore them to the American basis of equal rights, PEARSON's name will be cherished as that of a heroic pioneer.

THE LATE PRESIDENT BARNARD.

ELSEWHERE in this paper the story of President BARNARD's life is told. To a city like New York, the great emporium of the Western continent, the death of such a man is a peculiar loss, for by his position as the head of Columbia College he represented officially the interests of science and letters, which in such a city are apt to be neglected. President BARNARD was a scholar of unusual acquirements and of the true scholarly spirit. Although a man of great learning, he was not a pedant, and the physical infirmity of deafness did not diminish his active devotion to the highest interests of education. Indeed nothing was pleasanter or more characteristic than the freshness and hospitality of his mind for every movement toward a more universal instruction and the opening of all opportunities of study to every student.

President BARNARD's special tastes inclined to pure mathematics and the exact sciences, but his early sympathy for literature, which made him and the poet WHITTIER life-long friends, never disappeared, and always softened and graced his severer studies. He had wide and various experience as a teacher, and like another eminent scholar, Dr. LIEBER, he spent many years in the service of education in the Southern States. LIEBER was at Columbia in South Carolina, and BARNARD was Professor of Mathematics and Natural History at Tuscaloosa in Alabama, and subsequently he became Professor and then President of the University of Mississippi. Like LIEBER also, BARNARD was faithful to the Union, and when the war began he was refused a passport by JEFFERSON DAVIS to leave the Confederacy.

For twenty-five years he was President of Columbia College, and it is his praise that the college greatly advanced in its character as a school of education and in public consideration during the term of his Presidency. His conception of a university was that of the chief modern teachers. AGASSIZ held that a university was a company of eminent masters in various branches of learning pursuing their studies for the sole purpose of extending human knowledge, and aiding those also who desire to study. In this view there is no such question as coeducation in its limited and technical sense, but only of the capacity of the applicant to pursue the studies. Dr. BARNARD's contributions of papers in many departments of science and the practical philosophy of education during his Presidency of the college were constant and highly valuable, and among American teachers, in the larger sense expressed by the word educator, he held a first place. His thoroughly trained mind, his inextinguishable zeal for study and thirst for knowledge, and his interest in the advance of science made application easy, and enabled him to be often of a public service which few Americans were capable of rendering. His death is a serious public loss, and Columbia College will be fortunate in securing for its late President a successor who will carry on its work in his generous spirit and with his great ability.

WASHINGTON AND THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

AMONG the notable instances of respect paid to the centennial of WASHINGTON's inauguration was the suspension of the college exercises in the College of William and Mary, at Williamsburg, in Virginia. After Harvard, this is the oldest college in the country, having been founded in 1692, and it has a peculiar relation to WASHINGTON. He was not an alumnus, but the college conferred upon him his first public office as Surveyor of the Colony of Virginia, and just a year before his inauguration as President of the United States he accepted the office of Chancellor of the college. The date of the centennial of this year was therefore that of the one-hundred-and-first anniversary of his acceptance of the Chancellorship. The authorities of the college, of which Mr. LYON G. TYLER, son and biographer of JOHN TYLER, is now President, with just pride made a minute of these facts, which was duly signed and forwarded to the President of the United States and to the Centennial Committee.

PERSONAL.

MR. EUGENE FIELD, the Chicago poet, has recently asked the question, "Has any American magazine ever discovered a poet?" Without attempting to answer this question, we can give Mr. FIELD some information respecting a matter which he has made the prelude to this interrogation, and upon which he has evidently been misinformed. The poem "Waitin' for the Cat to Die," by JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, published in the March number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, was accepted last November, and not, as Mr. FIELD states, eight years ago; and the price which he alleges to have been paid for the poem is considerably below the price actually paid.

—The location of the grave of Captain MILES STANDISH at Duxbury, Massachusetts, over which there has been much speculation among historians, is believed to have been finally settled through data furnished by one of his descendants. The grave was opened recently by responsible persons and the bones photographed, after which they were put back and the earth replaced. A monument to Captain STANDISH, one of the largest erected to an individual in this country, is to be dedicated at Duxbury this summer.

—Many honors have been showered upon Captain HAMILTON MURRILL, of the steam-ship *Missouri*, the leader of the heroes who rescued the passengers and crew of the sinking *Danmark*. Not the least among these is his appointment as a Knight of the Order of the Dannebrog by King CHRISTIAN of Denmark. Captain MURRILL is only twenty-eight years old, but has held a captain's commission for six years, and has followed the sea ever since he was a boy.

—The late DAVID GOODMAN CROLY was one of the best-known newspaper men in New York, where, with the exception of a few years spent at the West, he had followed his profession for thirty-five years. He was a hard worker and a genial companion, but wasted much thought on useless theories. His wife has for many years written for newspapers over the signature "Jennie June."

—The crowning of Don JOSÉ ZORILLA as the poet-laureate of Spain will be the occasion for costly festivities at the Alhambra Palace. The Duchess of Medina-Celi, one of the poet's greatest admirers, will foot the bills.

—HELEN CHALMERS, the daughter of the noted Scotch divine, makes her home in one of the lowest sections of Edinburgh, and does noble work among fallen women and men.

—A watch-maker at Ottensen, near Hamburg, named GÖRING, is one hundred and three years old. He was a soldier under NAPOLEON at Waterloo, and has been a great traveller.

—Among JOHN BRIGHT's sincerest mourners in this country was EDWARD FINCH, a mule-spinner at Providence, Rhode Island. While a corporal in a British regiment FINCH fell under the displeasure of a superior officer, a vindictive young sprig of nobility, who finally had him tried by court-martial and sentenced to be flogged. FINCH's brave young wife hurried to London and told her story to Mr. BRIGHT, who used his influence with the war department so successfully that the soldier was released. Later Mr. BRIGHT furnished him the means for obtaining his discharge, and FINCH and his family came to this country.

—Captain THEODORE COOK was nearly eighty years old when failing health forced him several months ago to retire from the service of the Cunard Steam-ship Company. Since then he has been suffering from heart-disease and paralysis at his home in the suburbs of London. He had been crossing the Atlantic for fifty years, and his acquaintance among notable people was wide. The *Etruria* was the last vessel that he commanded.

—EDWIN BOOTH, STUART ROBSON, and JOHN S. OWENS were boys together at Baltimore. Instead of showing a taste for the legitimate drama, their youthful ambitions soared circusward, and they got into all manner of scrapes in their attempts to properly equip the cellar which formed their ring.

—Miss ELIZABETH STRONG, the young California artist who has made a reputation at Paris as a painter of animals, and especially of dogs, has been seriously injured, if not permanently disabled. While painting her picture for the Salon the turpentine she was using caught fire and burned her hands cruelly.

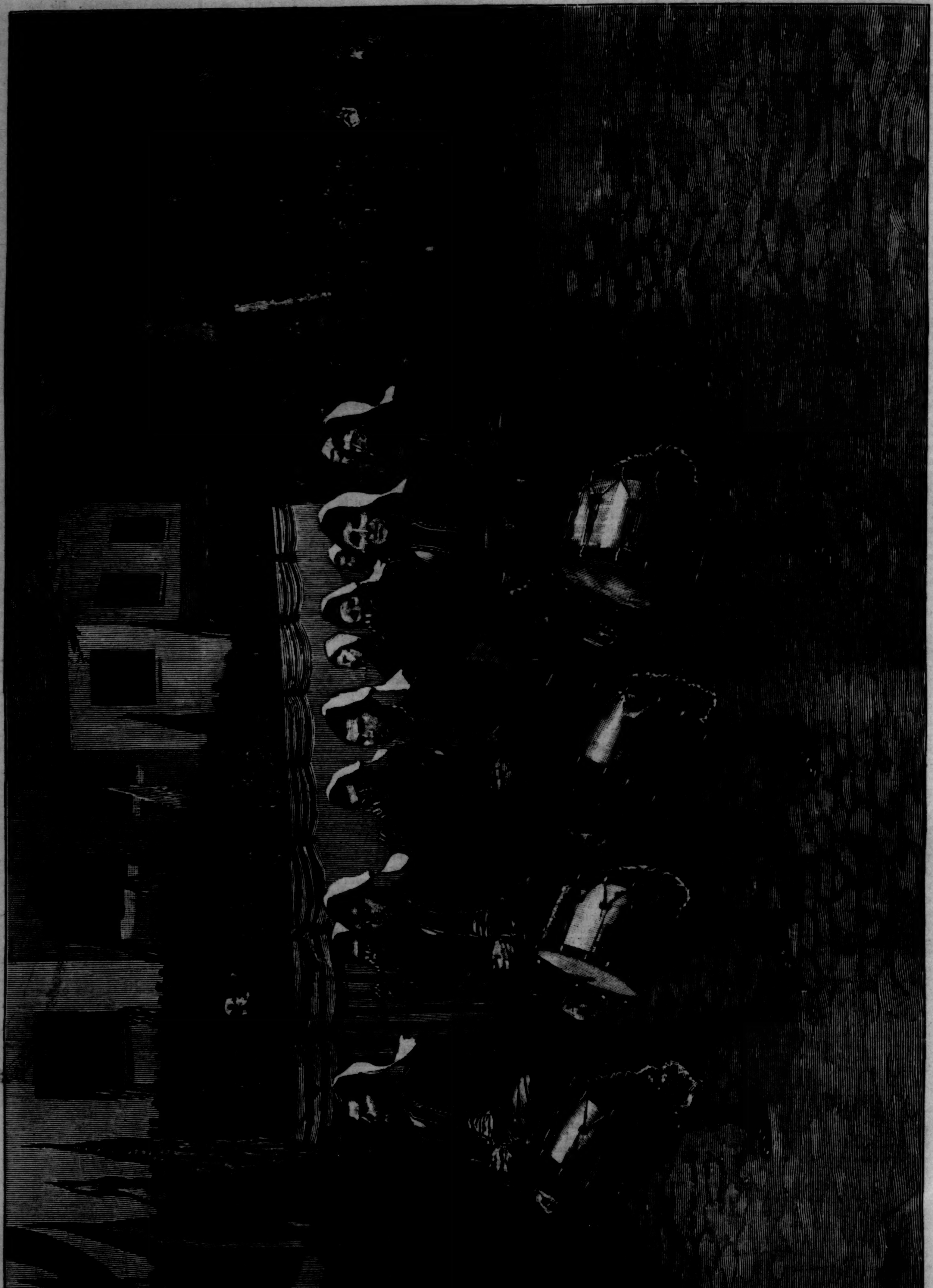
—The widow of General U. S. GRANT will accompany her son to Austria, where he goes as American Minister.

—A colored teacher in the public schools at Atlanta, Georgia, named GRAVES, who was dismissed several years ago for refusing to march with his pupils in a procession in honor of JEFF DAVIS, has been made a clerk in the government service at Washington.

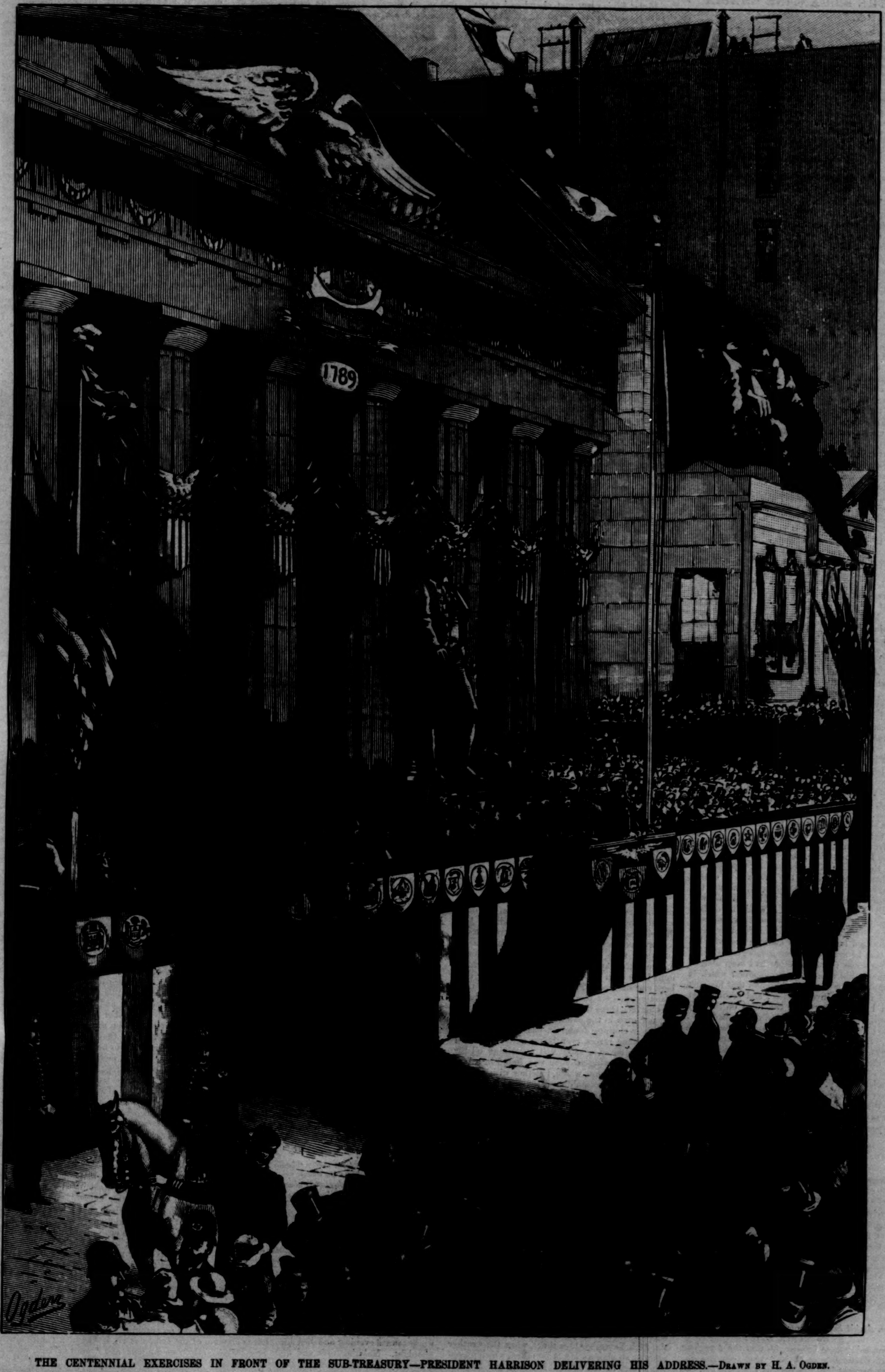
—Rev. Dr. EDWARD BEECHER, whose wonderful vitality has shown itself since his recent accident, attributes his strength and endurance at the age of eighty-six to his fondness for athletic sports in his early life, and to his abstinence from the use of tobacco and ardent spirits. While a student at Yale, and afterward as teacher, preacher, and editor, he always found some means for exercising his muscles and keeping in good physical condition.

—The oldest office-holder in the United States is Judge JAMES LAWRENCE, who has been in the Post-office Department at Washington for fifty-five years. He is notary public of the department, and eighty-six years old.

—Mrs. MARGARET ARNOLD, living on a farm about seven miles east of Washington Court-House, Ohio, is nearly one hundred and twelve years old, and is still quite sprightly. Her sister, Mrs. ELIZABETH HILLARD, one hundred and fifteen years old, lives in Lynn County, Iowa; another sister, Mrs. JOHN BAILEY, of Dakota, is one hundred and nine years old; and their only living brother, WILLIAM KISER, one hundred and four, resides on the old homestead, near Richmond, Virginia.



PRESIDENT HARRISON REVIEWING THE G. A. R. PARADE IN FRONT OF GOVERNOR GREEN'S HOUSE, ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.



THE CENTENNIAL EXERCISES IN FRONT OF THE SUB-TREASURY—PRESIDENT HARRISON DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS.—Drawn by H. A. Ogden.

THE DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE OF THE BRIGANTINE "MARIA DIVINA."

NOTE.—The brigantine *Maria Divina* has at various times during the last fifteen years occupied so much space in the daily newspapers that her name, at least, must be well known to a large number of readers. It seems, therefore, worth while to publish the following documents, which not only record her history and final wreck, but at the same time explain the mysterious disappearance of her captain and crew. Various fictitious explanations of this mystery have already been offered, but as they partake rather of the nature of hoaxes, the editor of these documents feels justified in publishing the following selection of as many as seem necessary to make the case intelligible from beginning to end. It is needless to add that they are faithful transcripts of the originals in Washington.

PONTA DELGADA, SAN MIGUEL,
AZORES, (date).

The Hon. Secretary of the Navy,
Washington, D. C.:

SIR,—In compliance with orders received from the Department that a thorough investigation be made into the mystery surrounding the disappearance of captain and crew of the American brig *Maria Divina*, I beg herewith to transmit my official report of results obtained. To facilitate a review of the whole case, I have prefixed to the latest documents a full copy of all important communications in my possession. For the truth of document No. XV. I cannot vouch personally, not having obtained it from an official source. It is my belief, however, that in the main the information contained therein may be considered reliable.

I began my investigation on the island of Santa Maria, Azores (or Western Islands), that being, according to No. IV., the nearest land at the date of interruption of the ship's log. I personally interviewed every foreign resident on the island, and also many native officials, devoting considerable time to the lower classes of fishermen; but after a month of diligent research I was obliged to come to the conclusion that the story was absolutely unknown.

I next sailed over to the group of rocks known as the Formigas, and examined each one carefully for wreckage débris, the result being again absolutely negative.

I then transferred my head-quarters to the large island of San Miguel; its northern shore is comparatively uninhabited, but, especially at the eastern end, well watered, heavily wooded, and healthy. Owing to its location, isolation, and natural advantages, it affords excellent opportunities for protracted concealment, and as I firmly believed that some of the survivors of that ill-fated crew had reached land safely, I began a careful examination of the shore. On the third day I found a piece of plank on which, after some cleaning, the letters MAR— D— were still distinctly visible. Not being successful in my subsequent explorations I repaired to Ponta Delgada with my discovery, and examined the records. These unfortunately proved that on May 18, 1879, the ship *Mario D'Este* had been wrecked on the point near which I had found the plank, and consequently, having nothing further to guide me, I began a systematic interviewing of the population of the island. My success was no greater than it had been at Santa Maria, until an old fisherman advised me to consult a retired English doctor, now living on his *quinta* by the Furnas lake, and who, from a long and constant practice of prying into other people's affairs, possessed an extraordinary knowledge of local history.

This gentleman received me with generous hospitality, and listened attentively to my *exposé* of the case. Before answering he took down a book from a shelf in his desk and put it into my hands.

"That, lieutenant," he said, as I took the volume from him, "is my diary for the year 1873. Unless I am mistaken, you will find somewhere about the middle of September a few pages that will throw some light on the case, and of course you have full liberty to copy them, and use the information in any way you wish. As you will find all the data in writing, it would be useless for me to add anything *viva voce* now, unless it be, first, that the man who told me the story seemed educated far above his station; indeed I believe that he must have been a college-bred man, who for some reason or other had been obliged to conceal his identity—a supposition which is strengthened by his own admission that his past would not bear investigation; and second, that when I was writing down the facts on the day following his death I discovered that he had omitted to give me either his own name or that of the ship. However, the dates, the circumstances, and my own conjectures are too curiously coincident with the official facts which you have given me to allow of any room for doubt."

Under No. XV. you will find a true copy of the extract from the doctor's diary; and as I believe that the mysterious disappearance of the brig's crew is thus fully accounted for, I shall consider my special mission at an end.

Respectfully,
JAMES S. BUCHANAN, U.S.N.

I.

(Newspaper clipping from Gibraltar "Chronicle" of Dec. 13, 1872.)

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Arrived, Dec. 13:

Steamers: *Maria Esora*, from Santander; *Sousa*, from Lisbon.

Schooner: *Mirabella*, from Cadiz.

Brig: *Maria Divina*, from New York (derelict brought in by crew of *Dei Gratia*).

II.

(Manuscript copy of No. 123.)

CONSULATE OF THE U. S.,
GIBRALTAR, 13 *Dec.*, 1872.

Hon. Ass't Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C.:

SIR,—I beg to inform you that the American brig *Maria Divina*, of New York, has this day been brought into this port by the mate and two of the crew of the Nova Scotian brigantine *Dei Gratia*, which latter vessel arrived here on the previous evening.

The *Maria Divina* was met, abandoned at sea, on the 4th instant, in lat. 38° 20′ N., long. 17° 15′ W., loaded with a cargo of alcohol from New York, supposed to be bound to Genoa. No ship's papers were found on board except the log-book, which has entries up to the 22d or 23d ultimo, nor were any boats found on board. The vessel is said to leak some, but her new crew had no difficulty to bring her into this port. She is now in the custody of the Vice-Admiralty Court, and is being treated as a derelict. The master of the *Dei Gratia* claims salvage, and would prefer settling the matter out of court if possible, to avoid court formalities and other expenses.

I have telegraphed to the New York Board of Underwriters and also to Genoa on the subject of this disaster, and though prepared to do all in my power for the protection of the interests of those concerned, can do nothing more for the present, as the court will not recognize any party claiming the property in its hands unless accompanied by a power of attorney from the rightful owners of the *Maria Divina* and from the holders of the bills of lading of the cargo on board of her, which facts I have forwarded at once to New York and Genoa.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
H. B. SPRAGNELL, U. S. Consul.

III.

(Manuscript extract from No. 130, January 20, 1873.)

James H. Chichester, principal owner.

IV.

(Newspaper clipping from Gibraltar "Chronicle," Jan. 31, 1873.)

In the *Chronicle* of 13th December last appeared a short paragraph announcing the arrival of the vessels *Dei Gratia* and *Maria Divina*, the latter of which was found abandoned at sea by the former. An inquiry into the case was at once instituted, and has been going on ever since. As the circumstances of the case are very extraordinary, a summary of the facts elicited may be of interest. The facts are as follows:

On the 13th of December last a report was made by the master and crew of the British ship *Dei Gratia* that on the 5th day of that month they had found, in lat. 38° 20′ N., long. 17° 15′ W., a derelict ship which they made out to be the American brigantine *Maria Divina*. They further stated that at the time when they fell in with the derelict their own ship, the *Dei Gratia*, was on the port tack, the wind being from the north, whilst the *Maria Divina*, with her jib and foremast staysails set, was on the starboard tack, and also that the derelict was perfectly sound, and that there was not the least apparent cause for her having been abandoned.

This latter statement was in itself so extraordinary that the Queen's proctor in the Admiralty Court, F. S. Jollyflood, Esq., ordered a special survey of the vessel in the first instance on the 23d December last by Mr. Austin, surveyor of shipping, and Ricardo Portunato, diver, accompanied by the marshal of the court, Mr. J. Vecchio. The result of this and a subsequent survey was in brief as follows:

1st. As regards the cargo, it consisted of barrels marked as containing alcohol, all of which were well stowed and in good order and condition, except one which had been started.

2d. As regards the exterior of the hull below the water-line, it did not in any part exhibit the slightest trace of damage, nor was there any appearance that the vessel had come into collision with any other ship, nor that she had struck on any ground or rock, nor, in short, that she had sustained any injury whatever, the hull, the copper with which she was covered, the stem, stern-post, and rudder, being all in good order and condition.

3d. As regards the exterior of the ship, a very minute survey showed most clearly that not only had the vessel not sustained any accident, but that she could not have experienced any seriously heavy weather. The whole of the hull, masts, and yards were in good condition, and the pitch in the waterways had not been started, which must have been the case if any bad weather had been encountered. The deck-house, made of thin planking, and six feet in height above the deck, was perfect, there not being a crack in the planking nor even in the paint. The seamen's chests and their clothing found on board were perfectly dry, some razors even being quite free from rust. Moreover, a small vial containing oil for use with a sewing-machine was found in a perpendicular position, which, together with a thimble and reel of cotton discovered near it, had not been upset, as must have been the case if the ship had been subjected to any stress of weather. Spare panes of glass were also found stowed away and unbroken. All the articles of furniture in the captain's cabin, including a harmonium, were in their proper places and uninjured by water, the music and other books being also dry. Finally, the conclusion arrived at by the surveyor, Mr. Austin, is that there exists no apparent reason why the vessel should have been abandoned.

But in addition to the above facts a sword was discovered, which, on being drawn from its scabbard, exhibited signs of having been smeared with blood and afterward wiped; further, the top-gallant rail had marks on it apparently of blood, and both the bows of the vessel had been cut to all appearances with a sharp instrument. No bills of lading nor manifest were found on board. The effects in the captain's cabin were of considerable value, and proved that a lady and child had been on board.

The ship's log, which was found on board, showed that the last day's work on the ship was on the 24th November (sea time), when the weather allowed an observation to be taken, which placed the vessel in lat. 36° 56′ N., long. 27° 20′ W.; the entries on the slate log were, however, carried up to 8 A.M. on the 25th, at which time the vessel passed from W. to E. to the north of the island of St. Mary's, Azores, the eastern point of which at 8 A.M. bore S.S.W., six miles distant. The distance of the longitude of the place where the *Maria Divina* was found from that of the island of St. Mary's is 7° 54′ (equal to about 420 statute miles), and the corrected distance of the longitude from the position last indicated on the log is 1° 18′, so that the vessel had apparently held her due course for ten days after the 25th of November, the wheel being loose all the time.

But the log of the *Dei Gratia* shows that during the time from the 25th of November to the day when she met the *Maria Divina*, the 5th of December, the wind was more or less from the north, and that she was on the port tack during the whole of that period. It appears therefore almost impossible that the derelict should have compassed within the same time a distance of 7° 54′ E., at all events on the starboard tack, upon which she was met by the *Dei Gratia*, and the obvious inference is that she was not abandoned until some days after the last entry was made in the log.

Naturally various theories are set up to account for this extraordinary series of facts, and the sword and blood stains found are held to point to some deed of violence. Be this as it may, the fact remains that up to the present date not a word has been heard nor a trace discovered of the captain or the crew, the lady or her child. The captain—B. S. Boggs by name—is well known in Gibraltar, and bore the highest character. It can only be hoped that by giving the utmost publicity to the circumstances some light may be thrown upon this at present most mysterious case.

V.

(Manuscript extract from No. 131, Feb. 1, 1873.)

I have examined the sword to which the article in the Gibraltar *Chronicle* refers. It was found on the floor of the cabin of the *Maria Divina* by the marshal of the court; it is evidently Italian make, and bears a cross of Savoy on the hilt. It remains in the custody of the court. The chronometer and ship's papers cannot be found.

VI.

(Manuscript extract from No. 132, Feb. 7, 1873.)

Result of analysis adverse to blood existing on sword or wood-work belonging to the *Maria Divina*.

VII.

(Manuscript summary of report on "M. D." by Captain R. W. Weld, U.S.N.)

Mutiny highly improbable. Cuts in the bows merely splintering of planks due to straining. Ship abandoned in a moment of panic, and for no sufficient reason.

VIII.

(Manuscript extract from No. 133, Feb. 12, 1873.)

Value of vessel, $15,000.

IX.

(Manuscript extract from No. 135, March 10, 1873.)

The *Maria Divina* has just cleared for Genoa with her original cargo, taken in at New York, and in charge of Captain George H. Hatch, sent out to this port for the purpose by the owners in New York.

X.

(Manuscript included with No. 142, April 4, 1873.)

Letter from J. A. Nickelsen, Uetterström auf Föhr, Prussia, *viâ* Hamburg (date March 24th), to U. S. Consul at Gibraltar, asking for information regarding the *Maria Divina*, at the request of mothers and wives of missing seamen. Writer states that he knew three of these; they were respectable, peaceable men and first-class sailors.

XI.

(Newspaper clipping from Gibraltar "Chronicle," Nov. 20, 1873.)

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Cleared, Nov. 19:

H.M.S. *Vanguard*, for Lisbon; H.M.S. corvette *Dart*, for Malta.

Steamers: *John C. Trer*, for Bilbao; *Estrella*, for Huelva.

Barkentine: *John T. Marsh*, for New York.

(Pencil note on margin.)

Effects of missing master of *Maria Divina* shipped on *John T. Marsh*. Inventory shows that no articles of value had been left on board, with exception of an octant, a one-dollar Spanish coin (gold), a silver watch, one dollar and twenty cents in U.S. coin, a sextant, and a flute. The only paper found was a German document in a tin canister.

XII.

(Newspaper clipping from Boston "Daily Advertiser," Jan. 27, 1885.)

MARITIME NEWS.—DISASTERS.

Brig: *Maria Divina*, Walker, from Boston for Hayti, struck on Roshells Reef, Jan. 3d, and will probably be a total loss.

XIII.

(Manuscript extract from Boston "Daily Advertiser," May 15, 1885.)

Captain of brig *Maria Divina* charged with wilfully wrecking his ship off the coast of Hayti, Jan. 3d.

XIV.

(Manuscript.)

Trial begun July 20, 1885; continued 21st, 22d, 24th, 27th, 28th, 30th, August 5th, 11th; concluded 16th. Jury disagreed.

XV.

(Manuscript extract from diary of Dr. M. A. Asterly, of Furnas, San Miguel, Azores, September 17, 1873.)

Called Sept. 15th by Lorenzo Fidalgo to visit unknown castaway; found patient delirious in hut by Usor Creek; quieted down 16th. Grew worse toward evening, and died unconscious about midnight. Malarial fever and utter prostration. Yesterday afternoon, knowing his end to be near, the man told me a very curious story, which I set down here as I remember it. His mind may still have been wandering, though I am inclined to doubt it, notwithstanding the improbability of his tale.

It was about November 25th that matters began to go wrong. Up to that day nothing of the slightest importance had happened during the voyage. The captain was a good man, and as we were a good crew, we liked him all the better for making us do our work up ship-shape. All told, we were nine on board; the captain, his wife and child, myself (mate), and five seamen. Cargo, spirits for Genoa.

It had gone three bells of the first watch when I heard the captain shouting to me excitedly, and I tumbled up on deck in a hurry. He was walking up and down bareheaded, in his shirt sleeves, and in the moonlight his face looked so drawn and haggard that I could not help asking what was the matter. When he saw me, which I don't think he did at once, he ordered me to get the jolly-boat out and pipe up all hands; then he ran into the cabin, and a moment later jumped into the boat with two men. "Lower away! and you, sir," he called out to me, "bring the ship round, and keep near us."

"Ay, ay, sir," I answered, taking the wheel and shoving her hard a-lee. While we were in stays one of the seamen, named Mehlen, came aft, and I asked him what had happened.

"D—— if I know, sir!" he answered, in a curiously unsteady voice. "It was this way. I had a hold of the wheel, and was kind o' lookin' up at the stars, 'n' the missus she was settin' about ten foot for'ard o' me, and to port, holdin' on to the little 'un; 'n' the next thing I hear war a kind of a snap an' a cry an' a sharp splash, like as if some 'un hed flipped a big hawser across the top of the water; 'n' when I looked down they was gone, chair 'n' all; 'n' the devil of anything in the water but bubbles in the ship's wake. When I come round a bit I made for the cabin and tol' him. You seen the rest. She war goin' jus' 's steady 's she be now, and I reckon 'twer'n't nothin' 's we know of yanked 'em to the bottom quicker'n Jersey lightnin'. Cap'n," he added, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that war the ole man hisself, and you 'n' me 'n' the rest of us 'd better be stowin' our chest for 'ternal darnation."

At first I thought the man might have been drinking, but there was no grog to get at, and he was as steady a man as we had on board. Moreover, I saw that he was really frightened; and then there were the facts. I felt shaky myself, for there is nothing that unhinges a man like a thing he can't understand, and I didn't understand how the *chair* had gone overboard. The lady might have had a fit, or gone mad, or jumped, or something; but the chair? And then, again, things don't disappear in that way in a perfectly calm sea. There was something more than I could account for, and I did not like it any more than Mehlen did.

By this time we had worn round, and, the wind having suddenly slackened, were slowly working our way back. The other two men had come aft, and all four of us strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of the boat; but though we were just about where she should be, not a sign of her was to be seen. We hailed through the trumpet, whistled, fired our revolvers, and hailed again; but not a sound came back in answer; and after laying to for about an hour we gradually became convinced that the boat had disappeared as suddenly and as mysteriously as the captain's wife.

For a long time we stood together in silence by the wheel, feeling a nameless horror creep over us like a damp cold, and spread slowly through our veins. We were threatened by some terrible, unknown, unseen danger, some appalling power that struck suddenly, silently, fatally, and without warning. We did not know what it was, whence it came, or how, and the next second it might be our turn to be seized. It is to our credit that during this agony of fear not one of us for an instant thought of flying from this fatal spot and abandoning our comrades without some further effort to save them. By daylight we might be able to distinguish what was invisible even in the bright moonlight, and so I advised two of the men to turn in; Mehlen and I kept watch. We reloaded our arms and paced the deck silently, while the slightest noise made us jump with alarm and tremble violently. Half an hour later the other men came up again. It had occurred to them that they might no longer find us when it was their turn to come on watch, and they preferred to be near us. I sent one of them aloft, but he merely staid a few minutes, and came back to report that you could see no more from the cross-trees than you could from the deck. I knew that he was frightened, and feeling as I did myself, I had not the heart to send him up again.

So that interminable night passed, as it seemed to us, second by second, and when dawn came we presented a pitiable appearance indeed. But with the warm sunshine matters began to look different, and we even chaffed one another feebly at our fears of the night before. At the same time there was no denying the facts, and we could offer no better suggestion than Mehlen's, who stoutly maintained that it was the "ole man hisself" who had kidnapped our shipmates.

All day long we cruised around the same spot, but saw nothing; and as the moon rose the superstitious terror which we had been able to fight off during the daytime once more took possession of us. No fortune, however great, could have tempted us to spend another night in this neighborhood, and we determined to pursue our course. As yet we had not thought of the future, nor of what explanation it would be possible for us to make on reaching port; for my part, if I thought of the future at all, it was of a future spent entirely on dry land, and I fancy my men were much of the same mind.

Though we had neglected to have them struck, I judge it must have been about five bells when I began to feel nervous and apprehensive. Mehlen was again at the wheel, and I was standing beside him, looking ahead in a vague way and thinking about the mystery. The moon was on our port bow, and invisible from where I stood in the shadow of the mainsail; to starboard the sea was one glimmering sheet of silver, slightly tinged with yellow. We were going about five knots, rather less than more, and instinctively I turned a moment to look back at the spot we were leaving and wish we were making better time. As I turned round again a tall dark column rose suddenly from the bright surface of the water on our beam; neither noise nor apparent motion accompanied it, yet there it remained in the same relative position as we advanced, neither gaining nor losing. For a few moments I could neither move nor speak; the strength had gone out of me as water flows from an overturned bucket, and I leaned against the rail more like a wet rag than like a man. I was vaguely conscious of wondering whether I was awake or dreaming, but it was rather a sensation than a thought, and the numbness which pervaded my limbs was beginning to creep over my senses also, when I was startled from my lethargy by a gasping shriek from Mehlen. "Oh my God! look!" The top of the column suddenly shot out at right angles over the deck. It seemed to me that I heard a stifled cry, followed by a sort of whistling plunge, and the next moment I lay at the foot of the ladder on the forecastle floor. Mehlen and another man, whose name, I think, was Burt, were lying beside me, panting; but the fourth? We did not dare ask one another what had become of him, but resolutely and in silence we fastened the hatch, and sat down hand in hand to listen, while the blood throbbed in our temples and we trembled hysterically.

About an hour passed thus, when Mehlen asked, in a faint voice, if there was any rum within reach. I knew that it would be imprudent to trust the men in their present state with a full bottle, so I opened my locker in the dark, half emptied the flask on to my clothes, and brought out the remainder. Under its influence we rallied somewhat, lighted a lantern, and after swallowing a few mouthfuls of biscuit, sat down again to talk over the situation. The men were naturally superstitious, as seamen are, and would be satisfied only with the hypothesis that the mysterious power that was hunting us down could be but the devil himself. Not having been raised before the mast (in fact I only took to seafaring late in life), I held a different view, which, as subsequent events proved, was a correct one; but I saw that it would be useless to argue with them in their present state of mind, and so I remained silent, while they forgot the horror of the moment in speculations of horrors to come.

Sleep was of course out of the question, and to us the night seemed interminable, but eventually wore away, and when daylight came I began to prepare for the next evening's probable visitation. I sent Burt to the wheel, and, assisted by Mehlen, I unshipped the smoke-pipe of the galley stove, replacing it by a hollow cast-iron cylinder, in the walls of which we bored a number of peepholes. The lower flange we screwed securely to the deck, collected a number of tools, and after cleaning our revolvers and a rifle which I had found in the captain's cabin, we lay down for a nap about noon.

We might have been asleep an hour or so when the brig gave a sudden quick lurch to port, and as she slowly righted herself the deck planks began to creak as if beneath some huge weight. Without a thought of our companion, we rushed to the hatch and secured the bar. Above us we could hear a slow rubbing noise, like the squeak of a squeegee; then all was quiet again. We were certainly much terrified still, but our terror was no longer the same superstitious awe that paralyzed our brain as well as our bodies, for, however formidable, it was evident that our pursuer was a material being, not an intangible supernatural power. It was no more than a hitherto unknown sea-monster, possibly the last of its species, of gigantic size and power, and capable of extraordinary rapidity of motion. But to these qualities, I reflected consolingly, we could oppose human ingenuity and intelligent courage. The danger was no less than before, but, thank God! it was a real danger which we could look in the face.

After considerable hesitation, for with all my philosophy I did not feel over-bold, I passed my head through the opening in the deck, and looked through the peep-holes of the cast-iron box. At first I could not make out anything clearly, but soon saw that we were surrounded on three sides by a dark slimy wall about forty inches high that slowly expanded and contracted at intervals of a few minutes. Looking down the deck, I made out two long lines, the one decreasing in size, the other growing larger, and running the whole length of the ship. Just in front of the mainmast, and on the starboard side, the ridge curved inward, and from a short thick coil behind the foremast rose a column about ten feet high, stemmed on the deck by what appeared to be short fins or wings spread out like a fan. This column, owing to the interference of the mast, I could only partially see. Save for the slow heave of its breathing the huge animal lay perfectly motionless, and I was wondering what its object might be, when, looking upward, I descried Burt in the cross-trees, gazing down with a terrified, fascinated expression; he was evidently on the point of falling, and it seemed to me that his movements were no longer under his control. Even as I was looking, his body moved slowly forward until I could not understand how he retained his equilibrium; and a moment later he dropped.

I stumbled down from the platform and sank on to the floor, faint and sick. Mehlen gave me some brandy, which revived me somewhat, and asked what I had seen to take the stiffening out of me so completely. I told him that we had the sea-serpent on board, and that he had, before my eyes, pulled Burt off the mast, as a cat or a snake draws a bird off a tree branch, by the mere fascination of his eye. A minute later the rubbing noise began again, stopped for a second, as though the animal were hesitating; then, having found the scent, had lain down to wait. It was some time before either of us dared to move; our situation was a solemn one, and might even have been called hopeless, if ever there is such a one below heaven. But as we became more familiar with the presence of the danger, curiosity finally prevailed over our fears, and with infinite precautions I passed my head into the observation box and looked out. Within two feet of me the huge head rested on the deck; the eye, now closed, was nearly abreast of the peep-hole. The head, six feet long, more or less, was of a rich dark bluish green color, shaped somewhat like a cobra's, and rimmed with a broad band of bright yellow that glowed in the sunlight like gold; behind the bulge of the occiput the rugged skin was ruffled into swollen fat ridges, and as far as I could see (eight feet or more) it seemed scaly, like that of an alligator rather than of a fish, and shone with a species of dull iridescence, changing in color as the light struck it. The mouth, outlined by a black glistening burr of horn-like substance, must have been five feet long, and from the fork at the rear end a glutinous fluid oozed out on to the deck, emitting a sickening, powerfully alkaloid odor.

It was impossible, of course, to insert the rifle into the observation box, so I instructed Mehlen to bore a hole through the upright rim of the hatch, and fire a shot, to see what effect a bullet would make upon the monster's carapace. When the smoke had cleared away I realized that the shot had been useless. A slight tremor ran along the folds of the skin, across which a metallic streak showed where the bullet had passed without penetrating; the eye slowly opened, and then I fully understood how poor Burt had been drawn from his refuge in the cross-trees. It would be impossible to describe the wonderful splendor of that living jewel—a moving moon-stone eight inches in diameter, deep, soft, persuading, and so gentle that I could have gazed forever at its changing tints of the most exquisite opalescent sea colors. The pupil was neither round like that of a fish, nor oblong like that of a cat, but more nearly resembled a moving funnel, into which the colors of the iris, concentrated and deeper, flowed with a spiral motion, now slower, now faster, then stopping to flow outward again and dissolve in the luminous outer ring. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I could draw my eyes away, and had it not been that the fate of my shipmate constantly warned me of the danger of that beautiful gem, I could have gazed into its liquid depths until the control of my senses had been lured away from me. But with a great effort I broke the spell and jumped down into the darkness of the forecastle, where wonderfully colored fiery circles stared at me from every corner.

Mehlen staid but a short time in the box; when he came down, dazed and enthusiastic, he was muttering to himself.

"It's a tarnation pity, but I guess we'll have to do it."

"Do what?" I asked.

"Why, spike his port fire, cap'n," he answered. "We may reach his brain, but that seems nearly too much to hope for; 'tany rate, if we can put a dead light on that glim of hisn, he'll prob'ly steer straight for home, wherever that may be."

"Yes, and lash the brig to pieces in heaving anchor," I objected.

"That's so, cap'n," Mehlen answered; "but I don't see as we have any choice."

In his present position, however, we could not aim at the monster's eye through any of the peepholes, for the box was so small that our revolvers would only fit in the centre. So we resolved to wait, and by turns we watched a few minutes at a time; and in return the monster watched us, immovable and silent. Toward evening it opened its colossal jaws to yawn, and the indescribable, overpowering stench that followed nearly sickened us. But after a pull at the brandy bottle we resumed our weary task. All through that night we gazed into the phosphorescent well of light, and hour by hour through the following day, and again all that night, until once more the same superstitious feeling of awe crept into our souls; for instinctively we felt the colossal, incredible age of this sea-saurian witness of preandreonic epochs, to whom the building of the pyramids was as an occurrence of yesterday. Mechanically, like dream-walkers, we stepped up and down from our station; and of all these hours I remember but one feeling, one thought, or rather perception—that "IT" had not moved.

On the morning of the second day as I went on watch I noticed that the expression of the eye had changed. It was no longer gentle; it had become malicious, and a low, leering cunning characterized its purpose. I called out to Mehlen to look out; the next moment a quick flash passed before my eyes; I pressed the trigger, and with the crash of the report fell forward on to the floor, as the ship shot ahead with a sudden spring.

When I regained consciousness the brig was pitching as in a heavy sea, though there was no sound of wind whistling in the shrouds. I raised myself slowly, for I was badly bruised, and looked around, but in the darkness I could see nothing. My memory was still a blank, and obeying a natural instinct, I took down the bar and pushed back the hatch. With the fresh air the recollection of the past few days returned to me, and wondering, doubting, yet incomprehensibly secure, I thrust my head through the opening and looked out at the clear sky above. I understood what had happened, and that at last we were free again. Twenty fathoms away, the sea was as calm as a pond, and we only were tossing, not the waves. For the first time in many years I prayed, thanking God for our wonderful delivery, and recognizing His power. But this excitement did not last. Mehlen soon joined me on deck, and now that the sense of danger was gone, we looked at the immediate future calmly. We were yet too unstrung to reach any satisfactory conclusion; immediate action was not necessary, so we set to work washing the deck to get rid of the horrible odor which the monster had left behind, and which emanated from a dark slimy substance that marked his position on the white planking.

Toward evening, after our supper, we talked the situation over. If we went into port we should have a long story to tell, and who would believe it? We should be arraigned, without a doubt, and cross-examined in dock. My past history I did not wish to have investigated, and Mehlen was not entirely devoid of fear as to what an inquiry into his past might bring to light. So we determined to abandon the ship, take the remaining boat, which was sound and well fitted, and steer for some island where we could live unknown and undisturbed. It was essential that our disappearance should be complete, and so all the next day we labored to replace everything as it was before disaster had overtaken us. Toward night, having taken the instruments and ship's papers, and having carefully surveyed the ship we were about to leave, we put off, and after the usual hardships that beset castaways in a small boat, we eventually landed here. It is not more than a month since I buried my comrade, and now, doctor, you tell me it is my turn. Well—Amen!

John Heard, Jun.

PRESIDENT BARNARD.

The death of Dr. Barnard deprives the nation of a loyal son whose fidelity was tested in trying times; American science, of one of its foremost representatives; Columbia College, of the ablest and most successful in its line of Presidents.

Frederick Augustus Porter Barnard was born in Sheffield, Massachusetts, May 5, 1809. He was graduated from Yale College in 1828, and in 1830 received in that college an appointment as tutor. From that time until his recent death—from his twenty-first to his eightieth year—his energies were devoted primarily to the cause of education, and chiefly to the higher education. From 1837 till 1854 he taught mathematics and natural science in the University of Alabama; from 1854 till 1861 he occupied a similar chair in the University of Mississippi, holding also the Presidency of the latter university from 1856 till 1861. During these years his activity was by no means limited to the class-room. He published numerous articles and essays on educational and scientific topics, and he took a prominent part in the political controversies of the stormy years before the war, writing and speaking fearlessly and effectively for the integrity of the Union. When Mississippi seceded he resigned his position in the State University and returned to the North. He took up his residence in Washington, and in 1863 he accepted a position in the Coast Survey. In 1864 he was called to the Presidency of Columbia College, and although relieved from active duties in the summer of 1888, he still held this position at the time of his death.

To the future historian of Columbia College the quarter of a century covered by President Barnard's administration will surely seem more important, because more progressive and fruitful, than the entire preceding century. Within these twenty-five years Columbia has developed from a highly respectable—according to our brief American measurement, we may even say venerable—but extremely old-fashioned college into a modern university. Under President Barnard's régime the college proper, the academic department, has doubled its strength and more than doubled its usefulness; but this department has been overshadowed by the development of the university schools which have grown up about it. The School of Mines, where in 1864 less than thirty students pursued their studies in a cellar, has grown, largely through President Barnard's fostering care, into one of the largest, best equipped, and most celebrated schools of applied science in the world. The Law School has quadrupled in numbers, and has been brought, largely through President Barnard's exertions, into close and vital connection with the other university departments. A successful School of Political Science is just completing its ninth year, and a university School of Philosophy and Letters is in process of development, although as yet without separate organization. In 1864 there were in all these departments of instruction scarcely more than a score of professors and assistants; to-day the number (exclusive of the medical department, whose connection with Columbia is nominal) is more than one hundred. Finally, the higher education of women, a cause which Dr. Barnard had always at heart, is to be provided for by the establishment of an annex—the Barnard College for Women.

With this great and rapid development President Barnard's name will always be intimately associated, not by mere titular right as the name of a ruler is associated with the events of a reign, but by reason of the active sympathy and the intelligent guidance with which he accompanied and aided every forward movement. It was clear to him from the outset that the proper field of a richly endowed city college was the specialized and professional work of the university rather than the disciplinary work of the high-school; and this doctrine he preached fervently and cogently during all his period of service at Columbia.

President Barnard's special intellectual interests (aside from the problems of education) lay always in the field of his earlier Southern professorships—the mathematics and the natural sciences. He published numerous essays on scientific subjects. He went to Labrador on the expedition sent out by the government to observe the eclipse of 1860; in the same year he was elected President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He was one of the original corporators of the National Academy of Sciences, established in 1863, and he was a corresponding member of many foreign scientific societies. But his interest was keen and his knowledge extensive in almost every domain of human thought. History, politics, and literature always claimed much of his attention, and there were few important developments in these subjects of which he was not fully cognizant. In a generation of specialists he was one of the last (and best) of the encyclopædical scholars of the older school.

His great learning was no cumbrous impediment of his mind; to borrow a happy phrase of Lowell's, his learning had been digested into knowledge; and with his great knowledge he combined to a rare degree the power of expression, of communication. His literary style, while possessing a certain characteristic dignity and roundness, was not merely clear, but singularly graceful. This all who have read his writings know, but only those who came frequently into personal contact with him (a circle narrowed in his later years by the growing infirmities of his age) knew the charm of his conversation, where the grave march of the written period was exchanged for the quick movement of fluent speech, and the facts and illustrations drawn from his copious knowledge of men and of things were vivified by a keen and kindly humor.

No man, it is affirmed, is indispensable; but Dr. Barnard was not one of the men who are easily replaced. In the college of which he was so long the head, and by reason of his sympathy with every form of intellectual activity almost an ideal head, in the nascent university where his receptivity to new ideas made him a potent influence for progress, it will be hard indeed to fill the place which his death leaves vacant.

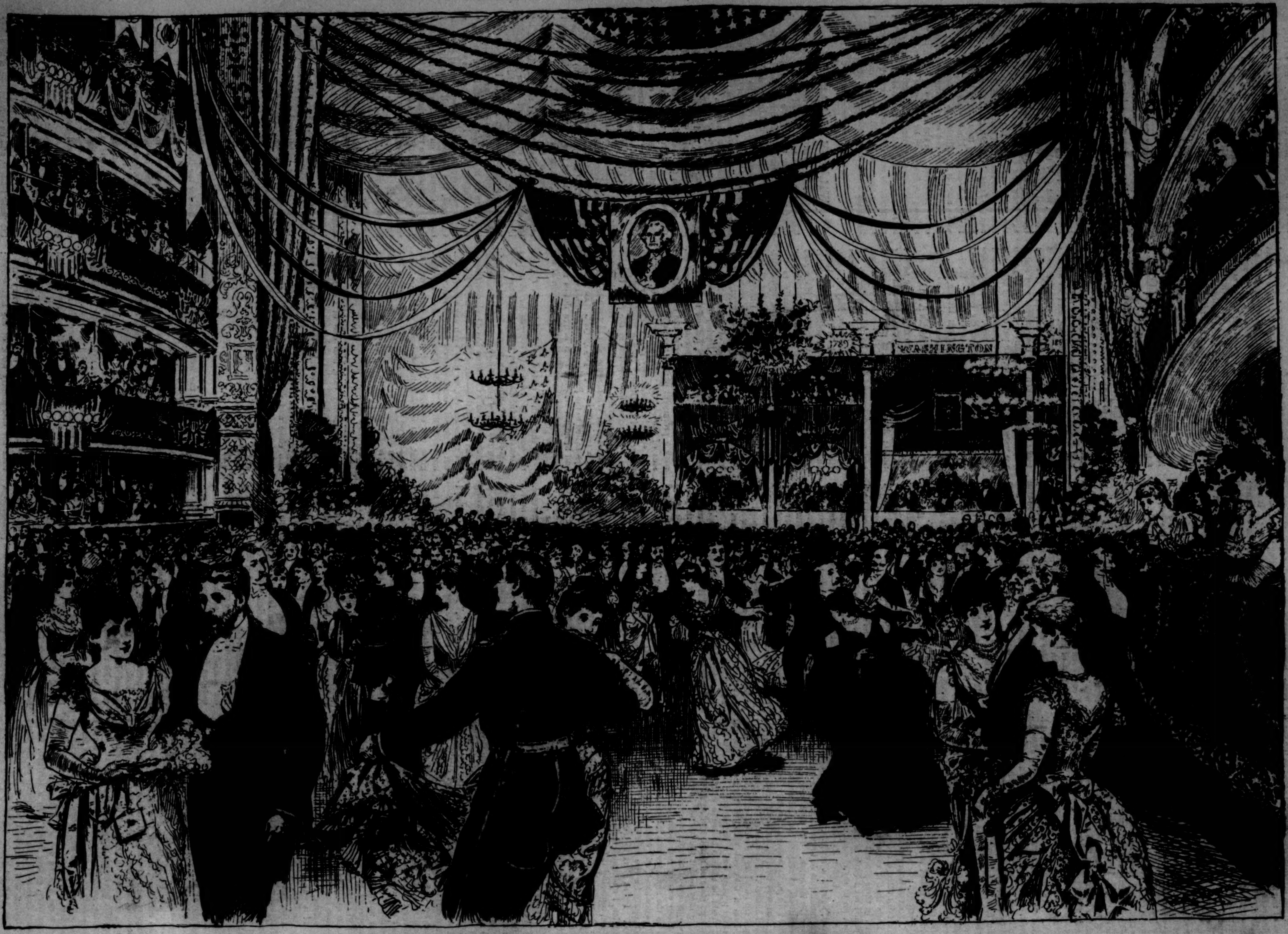
WILLIAM H. BARNUM.

William H. Barnum was a fair example of the typical American, especially of the New-Englander of the earlier type. The son of parents in comparatively humble circumstances, he first saw the light at Lime Rock, Litchfield County, Connecticut, September 17, 1818. His education was limited to that which is afforded by the common school. At the age of eighteen years he became engaged in business pursuits. In that part of Connecticut to which he belonged business is of a varied character, and young Barnum's name was connected equally with the smelting of iron ore and with the manufacture of cart wheels. A man of vigor and energy, he was naturally drawn into the arena of politics, and almost from the very first his advice was as much prized by his political friends as his personal activity.

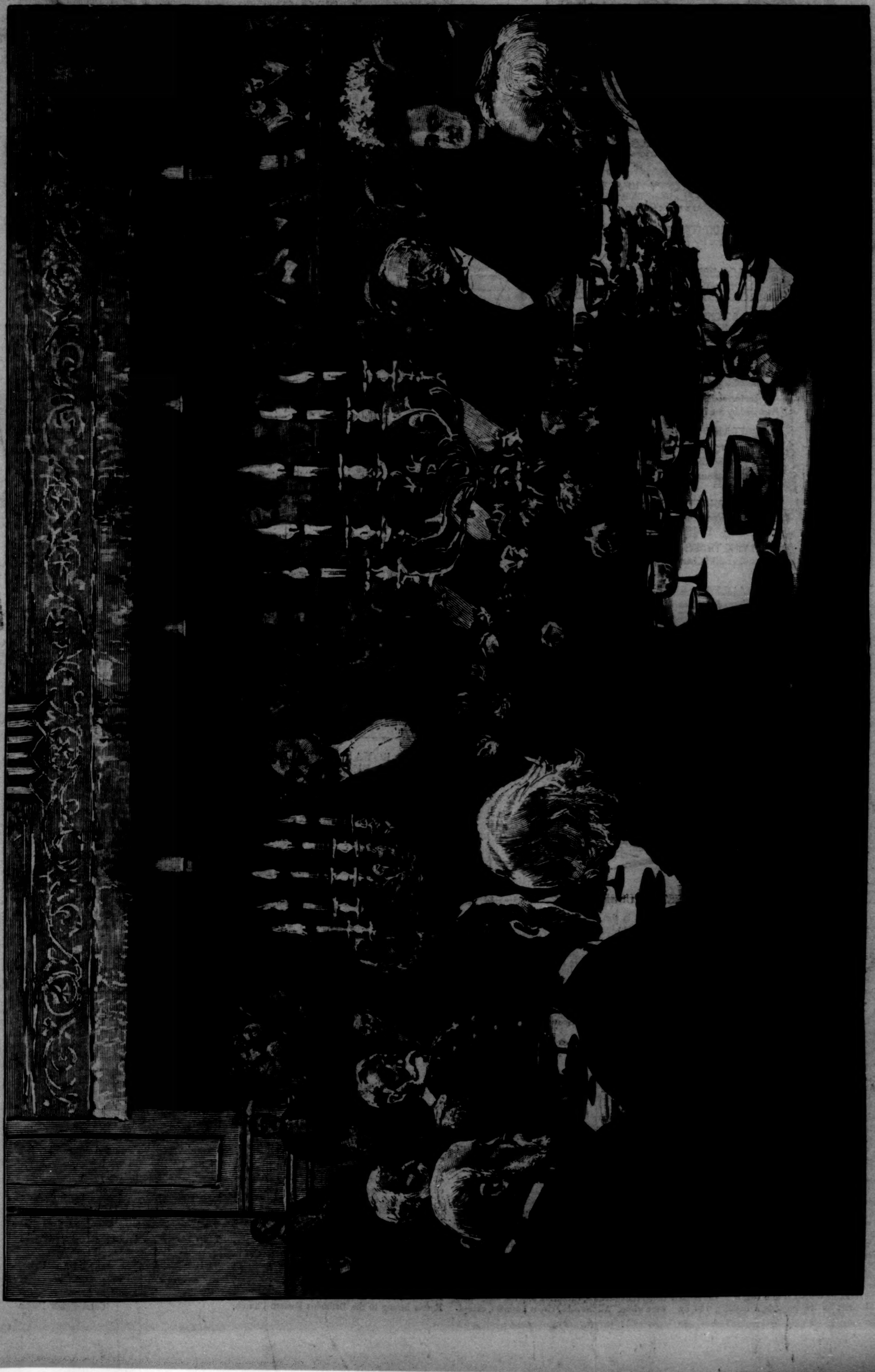
It was not till 1851 that he publicly gave himself to political life. In that year he was elected to the State Legislature. The times were full of excitement. The antislavery agitation was at its height. The Compromise Bill of 1850 had failed to give anything like general satisfaction, and all the States, Connecticut included, were more or less disturbed by the doctrine of "squatter sovereignty." Mr. Barnum had the full benefit of the experimental teaching of those years which immediately preceded and of those which covered the civil conflict; and in 1866 he had gathered such strength that he was sent as a delegate from his State to the "Union National Convention," held in Philadelphia. In 1867 he was elected a Representative from Connecticut to the Fortieth Congress, and he made himself especially useful on the Committee on Manufactures, Roads, and Canals. Successive re-elections kept him in the House of Representatives till 1876, when he was elected United States Senator to fill the term of Orris S. Ferry, deceased. He remained in the Senate till March, 1879, when his legislative career ended.

Mr. Barnum had long since become a rich man; and working with Mr. Tilden, Mr. Hewitt, and others, he gave of his means, as well as of his time and talents, to the promotion of the Democratic cause. In 1868, 1872, and 1876 he was one of the largest contributors to the campaign funds. In the last-named year, Mr. Hewitt as Chairman of the National Democratic Committee having failed to give satisfaction to the party, Mr. Barnum was, much against his will, induced, on the ground of his known friendship for Mr. Tilden, to accept the position. In 1880 the friends of General Hancock were desirous that Mr. Barnum should give place to Mr. William A. Wallace, and Mr. Barnum would have given way but for the interference of Governor Tilden, who would listen to no such proposal. Success was not yet granted to the Democratic party, but the blame was not to be laid at Mr. Barnum's door. In 1884 he held the same position, and, assisted by Mr. Gorman, his efforts were crowned with success. His experience during so many Presidential campaigns had made him master of the situation, and it says much for the skill and ability of the man that he was again, in the year 1888, called upon to take charge of the Democratic forces, and lead them, if possible, to victory.

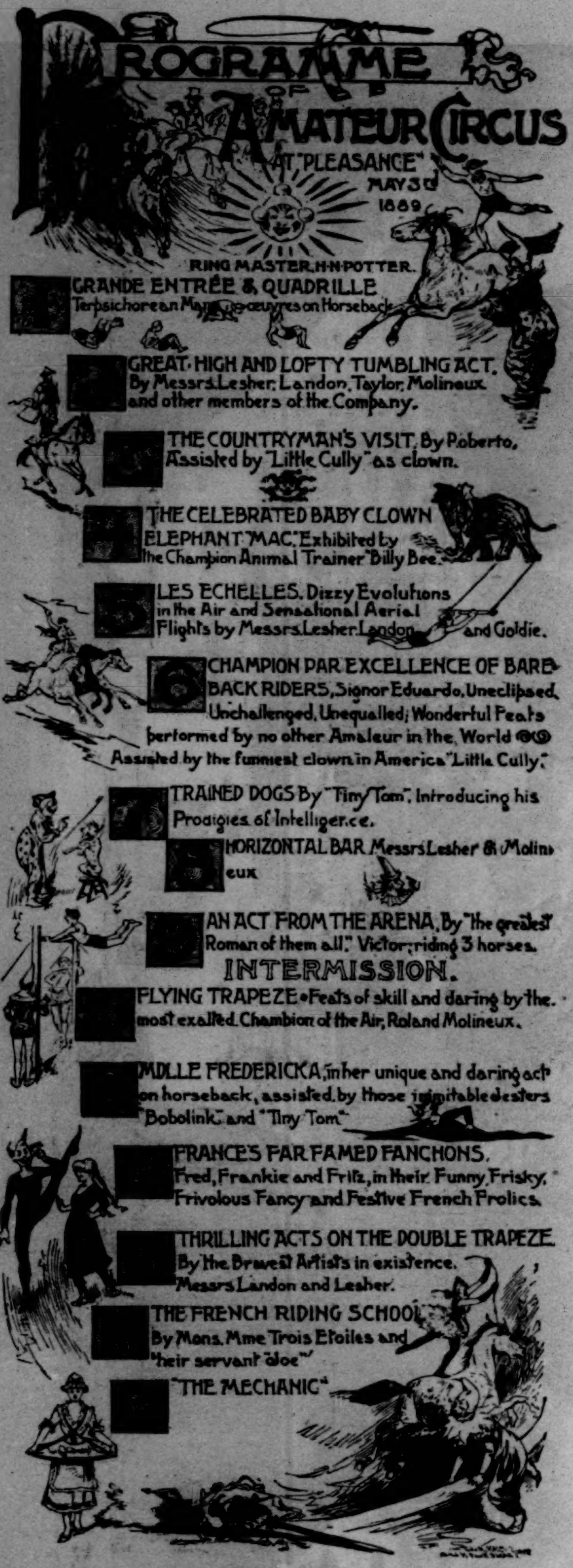
There can be no doubt that the work and the worrying anxiety of the campaign told seriously on Mr. Barnum's physical strength. It is no secret that he was out of sympathy with many of the party leaders, and on certain points of policy out of sympathy with Mr. Cleveland himself. That he was willing in such circumstances to hold on to his post and accomplish what he did speaks well for the soldierly spirit that was in him, and compels the admission that in William H. Barnum the Democratic party has lost one of its ablest men and one of its most efficient leaders.


1789
WASHINGTON

THE CENTENNIAL BALL IN THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.



THE CENTENNIAL BANQUET—EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND RESPONDING TO THE TOAST OF "THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES."—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.



PROGRAMME
OF
AMATEUR CIRCUS
AT "PLEASANCE"
MAY 3D
1889

RING MASTER H. N. POTTER.

GRANDE ENTRÉE & QUADRILLE
Terpsichorean Manœuvres on Horseback

GREAT, HIGH AND LOFTY TUMBLING ACT.
By Messrs. Lesher, Landon, Taylor, Molineux and other members of the Company.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S VISIT, By Roberto,
Assisted by "Little Cully" as clown.

THE CELEBRATED BABY CLOWN
ELEPHANT "MAC," Exhibited by
the Champion Animal Trainer "Billy Bee."

LES ECHELLES. Dizzy Evolutions
in the Air and Sensational Aerial
Flights by Messrs. Lesher, Landon and Goldie.

CHAMPION PAR EXCELLENCE OF BARE-BACK RIDERS, Signor Eduardo, Uneclipsed, Unchallenged, Unequalled; Wonderful Feats performed by no other Amateur in the World
Assisted by the funniest clown in America "Little Cully."

TRAINED DOGS By "Tiny Tom," Introducing his Prodigies of Intelligence.

HORIZONTAL BAR Messrs. Lesher & Molineux

AN ACT FROM THE ARENA, By "the greatest Roman of them all," Victor; riding 3 horses.

INTERMISSION.

FLYING TRAPEZE • Feats of skill and daring by the most exalted Chambion of the Air, Roland Molineux.

MDLLE FREDERICKA, in her unique and daring act on horseback, assisted by those inimitable jesters "Bobolink" and "Tiny Tom."

FRANCE'S FAR FAMED FANCHONS.
Fred, Frankie and Fritz, in their Funny, Frisky, Frivolous Fancy and Festive French Frolics.

THRILLING ACTS ON THE DOUBLE TRAPEZE.
By the Bravest Artists in existence.
Messrs. Landon and Lesher.

THE FRENCH RIDING SCHOOL
By Mons. Mme Trois Etoiles and their servant "Joe"

"THE MECHANIC"

SOCIETY'S NEWEST AMUSEMENT.

On Friday evening of last week was given an entertainment by Mr. J. M. Waterbury at his country-seat "Pleasance," at Baychester, on the Long Island Sound, to which there has never been a parallel in this country. In Europe the nearest approach to it was the amateur circus which the Duc de Morny organised and carried on for the amusement of the upper ten thousand of Paris. Mr. Waterbury's circus, however—for it was a genuine circus—is said by persons who saw it, and who have also seen the one in Paris, to have been superior to the French one which inspired the idea of giving it.

The magnificence and completeness of all the arrangements may be judged by a few of the details. It is said that the total cost of the evening's entertainment was not short of $15,000, and the estimate seems a reasonable one. The programmes, one of which is reproduced here in fac-simile, were printed in different colors on parchment paper and mounted on brass rods, and cost, including the artistic work of preparation, more than $1 apiece.

The preparations were begun several months ago. A forty-foot circus ring being laid out by a veteran of the genuine circus, the gentlemen and ladies who were to take part in the performance began a severe course of training, and have practised their parts twice a week ever since last winter. It was a novelty, and the enthusiastic amateurs threw themselves heart and soul into the labor of preparation.

Nearly all the guests, some three hundred in number, were invited from New York city, and a special train of parlor cars took them in the early evening to Baychester. There they found a scene of remarkable brilliancy and beauty. The large tennis-court on the grounds, a building 150 by 200 feet in size, had been fitted up for the occasion, lighted by electricity, and decorated with a total disregard of expense. Around the ring itself was a low wall painted in ivory white and covered on top with silk plush, while golden cords and tassels served to further adorn it. A large gallery, constructed especially for the occasion, afforded sitting-room for the guests.

The actual performances were exceedingly creditable. Not only did the gentlemen who performed the daring acts of trapeze artists and bare-back riders show nerve and skill that were worthy of "professionals," but the clowns and other actors were exceedingly good. As a development of talent among the wealthy young citizens of the city the exhibition was certainly a success. There was little to criticise and much to praise.

Even the ushers and imitation peddlers who distributed flowers and pea-nuts after the old circus fashion were ladies and gentlemen of social standing, so that the entire entertainment was genuinely an amateur one. The pea-nut venders were Miss Georgie Berryman, Miss Mamie Heckscher, Miss Hattie Roberts, and Miss Post. The "supers," who under direction of Ring-master Howard N. Potter did the manual labor required in the changes of the acts, were Messrs. Robert Hargous, Thomas Howard, Adolph Ladenburg, Gordon Fellows, Victor Souchon, Storey, and Beekman. Their uniform was showy and costly, as were all the dresses worn by the actors. The two clowns, who did the traditional and time-honored clown business as if they had been doing it for years, were Messrs. Appleton and Havemeyer.

The first act was a quadrille on horseback, and in this four ladies took part. They wore conventional riding-habits, excepting that the long skirts were white. All the other circus business, excepting one riding act, was done by gentlemen. The quadrille riders were Miss Ladenburg, Miss Daisy Hurst, Miss Sallie Hargous, Miss Cary, and Messrs. Beach, Potter, Woodbury Kane, and Cottenet. They are all famous equestrians, and the act was naturally well done.

Billy Bee of the fourth act was Mr. William Bininger, and his clown elephant was a canvas affair with two gentlemen concealed within. Of course the antics were funny. Signor Eduardo was Mr. E. C. Potter; Victor, who rode the three bare-backed horses, was Mr. Victor Souchon; Mlle. Fredericka was Mr. Frederick Beach, who appeared in the traditional short skirts and tights of the circus equestrienne. His mustache had been concealed, and his blond wig was a wondrous thing. Society had discovered a new amusement, and the delight and applause of the audience were hearty and unrestrained. Mr. Waterbury was voted a prince of hosts, and after the circus maintained the character well by further entertaining his guests with a supper and a ball. The two orchestras that had furnished the music for the circus played dance music till morning, and it was daybreak before the guests reached their homes.

THE LOST SHIP.

The great ship flew
With its living freight
Right in the trough of the sea!
The dense fog came like a pall so thick—
Oh, where can the helmsman be?
For if at his post,
With his hands on the wheel,
He can neither hear nor see.
The blinding rain
Comes hissing down,
And the winds howl so that he
Is deaf to all;
For the captain's call
And the passengers' shrieks
Are all lost on him;
For the icicles dim
His sleepless eyes, and paralyze
Both hand and limb!
So he stands there stiff and cold and still,
Dead! at the *Master's* will.

Ah! what avail are the cries and prayers
Of the voices of those doomed ones there,
With their maniac shoutings filling the air?
No eye can see—none ever know
The agony of those hemmed in,
With hatches battened down below;
Covered with fog and sleet and snow,
And blinding hailstones rattling so,
As if laughing at their woe.
Still, still the doomed ship staggers on,
Right through the hissing waves alone.
No human eye will ever see
One of that great ship's company;
For, shrouded in her storm-clad pall,
The ship went down—went down with all!

Stephen Massett.

THE ROYAL HOUSES OF EUROPE.

The ups and downs of the reigning houses of Europe have been much discussed of late. All those are recognized as being of royal blood members of whose families now occupy or at one time have occupied thrones. According to official reports, there are now 27 such royal families in Europe, with 459 male members, so that each dynasty averages 17 princes, a number reached, however, only by ten of them. Of these 27 families no less than 18 are German, namely, the Hohenzollern, Wittelsbach, Wettin, Würtemberg, Zähringen, Hessen, Mecklenburg, Holstein, Anhalt, Schwarzburg, Reuss, Schaumburg, Lippe, Waldeck, Hapsburg-Lorraine, Welf, Nassau, and Liechtenstein; six are Romanic or Latin, namely, Bourbon, Savoyen, Braganza, Monaco, Bonaparte, Bernadotte; two are Slav, namely, Obrenowitch and Njenosh; and one is Turkish, namely, Osman. Of the German no less than five, and of these the historic houses of Hohenzollern, Welf, and Hapsburg, originated in the little Swabian Würtemberg. The preponderance of the German dynasties is all the greater, because of the 41 actually existing thrones they occupy 33. Of these 22 are in the German Empire, 11 are in other countries, namely, Austro-Hungary, Russia, England, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece, and Liechtenstein. The Romanic dynasties occupy only five thrones, namely, those of Italy, Spain, Brazil, Monaco, and Sweden-Norway. The Slav dynasties are found only in Servia and Montenegro. Nothing is clearer from these data than that the nationality of the reigning families has had but little influence in determining the political ideals and aims of the people they govern. Notwithstanding the thorough German character of the Russian reigning house, the politics of the country is as decided in its anti-German character as though its rulers were Slavs.

The religion of eleven of these dynasties is entirely Protestant, of five others the greater number of the members are Protestants. To these last belong such houses as the Hohenzollern of Prussia, of which the older and Catholic side lines are not entitled to the royal succession in any case; also the house of Wettin, of which the Catholic King of Protestant Saxony is the leading representative; the Holstein house of Denmark, of which the members in Greece and Russia belong to the Orthodox Eastern Church, and the Würtemberg and Lippe houses. The Romanic dynasties are all Catholic, except that of Bernadotte, in Protestant Sweden-Norway. These exceptions to the predominating religion of a dynasty have in nearly all cases resulted from the acceptance of a throne in a country with a different national religion. Where such a change is not made it is the result of special stipulation, as is the case with Princess Sophia of Prussia, who in becoming engaged to the Crown-Prince of Greece insisted upon her adherence to the Protestant faith. Three German dynasties are entirely Catholic, namely, the Hapsburg-Lorraine, the Wittelsbach—to which the rulers of Bavaria belong—and Liechtenstein.

Numerically the strongest is the Danish house of Holstein, with its 58 living princes, next to which comes the Saxon house of Wettin, with 52 princes. Members of the former family rule in Russia, Greece, Denmark, and Oldenburg; of the latter in five German states and in Belgium, Portugal, and Bulgaria, and will, when the Welf family becomes extinct at the death of Queen Victoria, wear the crown of Great Britain and Ireland. The house of Hohenzollern, which lost in 1888 not only the two Emperors Wilhelm I. and Frederick III., but also the last member of its oldest line, the Hohenzollern-Hechingen, still have 20 princes in its ranks, of whom eight are less than fifteen years old. Another side branch will become extinct when the childless Charles of Roumania dies, who will be succeeded by his nephew Prince Ferdinand.

Of the once so powerful house of Bourbon only one representative now occupies a throne, and he is an infant, namely, the King of Spain. There are still 49 princes of this dynasty, of whom only one seems to have a chance to occupy a throne, namely, that of Brazil, where the husband of the Crown-Princess Isabella may succeed her father. The Hapsburg house is really extinct since 1740, and the present members belong really to the Lorraine line. The death of Rudolph causes no embarrassment in the succession, the supply still exceeding the demand, as there are yet 34 princes of this dynasty alive. The most productive soil for princes is the diminutive Liechtenstein, which has only 9000 inhabitants, but boasts of 18 princes of royal blood, or one for every 500 souls. The two influential houses of Savoyen in Italy and Bernadotte in Sweden-Norway are not correspondingly prolific, the former having but eight princes and the latter seven. The old house of Welf, which lost the throne of Hanover in 1864, and will lose that of England at the death of Victoria, which it has occupied since 1714, has five male members, the same number that makes up the contingent of the house of Zähringen that rules in Baden. The house of Bonaparte has three princes, the older Lucien line, with its four representatives, not being recognized as royal.

The senior of the forty-one rulers of the European families, whose average age is fifty-six, is the King of Holland, born in 1817. Five rulers are more than seventy, among them the King of Denmark; 10 are between sixty and seventy, among them the rulers of England, Würtemberg, Brazil, Saxony; 10 are between fifty and sixty, among them the rulers of Sweden, Austria, Belgium, Portugal; nine are between forty and fifty, among them the rulers of Roumania, Turkey, Italy, Russia, Greece, Montenegro, Bavaria; two between thirty and forty, namely, the rulers of Schwerin and Servia; one between twenty and thirty, namely, the Prince of Bulgaria, the Emperor of Germany just having passed thirty. The King of Spain is not three years old. The oldest in the number of years of rule is the Queen of England, who has been on the throne since 1837.

A SOMBRE DAY.

A lonely boat lies on the glass-smooth bay;
As gray the water as spun flax, and gray
The sky as smoke, and gray as moss-grown stone
Crumbling on some old grave, forgot and lone
The shore and boat and tree,
The stretches of beaches,
The long sandy reaches,
The wavering dunes, and the wide, windy sea.

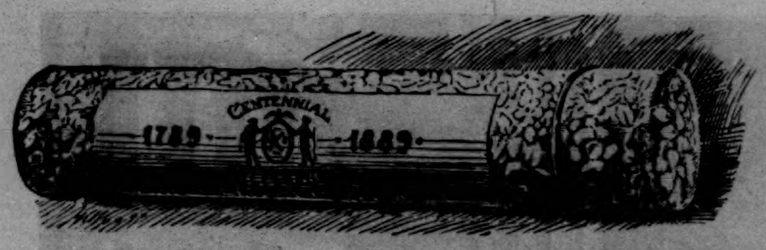
Arlo Bates.

A MYSTERY.

"If you were me, and trouble haunted you,"
He whispered low,
"Weighed down your soul in doubt, what would
you do?"
"I'd tell some one my trouble, were I you,"
With accent slow,
She said. And yet again: "If you were me,"
He said "and loved a sweet lass tenderly,
What would you do?"
Flushed grew her cheek and drooped her head:
"I think I'd go and tell her so," she said,
"If I were you."

"Ah, sweet! 'tis you I mean, my little love—
I love you, Flo."
Yet lower drooped her sun-kissed head above
The roses on her breast; a frightened dove
Ne'er fluttered so.
"I love you, dear," he said again; and she—
Her answer e'er will be a mystery,
'Twas said so low.

Cecil Percy Poole.



THE TIFFANY SILVER CASE CONTAINING THE ADDRESS TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES BY THE CIVIL, INDUSTRIAL, AND COMMERCIAL BODIES OF NEW YORK.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

It is not every day that makes history. The record of the world is only seemingly a continuous story; in fact, it contains as many interruptions as the spaces between the rods that hold up and partly form a great suspension-bridge. Three days that will appear in history came together in New York on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 29th and 30th of April and the 1st of May. They were devoted to the centennial celebration of the inauguration of Washington, and therefore of the actual establishment of our present system of government. It was intended that the celebration should turn the minds of men back to the stirring scenes of a century ago, but it has had the effect of impressing the nation with its present greatness and its promise for the future.

The credit for this, the greatest popular display in the history of the republic, is due primarily to J. E. Peyton, Esq., of Haddenfield, New Jersey, who induced the Tennessee Legislature, on March 19, 1883, to pass a resolution asking Congress "to encourage an appropriate celebration of the inauguration of President Washington in New York in 1889." To the South is due, therefore, part of the honor of originating the idea of the celebration. But Mr. Peyton cuts a more important figure, and one that is unique. He is an Englishman by birth, and has long ago retired from business with a competency. For seventeen years he has been originating, proposing, and devising centennials. His friends assert that to him was in a measure due the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the centennial celebration at Yorktown, this last great display in New York, and several minor affairs of the same nature.

The first practical step toward the just completed celebration in New York city was taken by the New York Historical Society in March, 1884, when it resolved in formal meeting to celebrate the occasion. After that the project began to take form. The Chamber of Commerce decided to ask Congress to make an appropriation toward this end, and to interest the city and State officials. Colonel Peyton and the late Algernon S. Sullivan then got up a citizens' movement at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on November 10th of that year. In December, 1887, a committee of fifty-nine citizens was appointed, with Mayor Abram S. Hewitt as chairman. Those who then and afterward became distinguished in connection with the hard work of the great effort to give expression to the nation's jubilation were Stephen Van Rensselaer Cruger, Asa Bird Gardiner, Brayton Ives, Richard Watson Gilder, W. E. D. Stokes, Edgerton Winthrop, Hamilton Fish, W. G. Hamilton, Elbridge T. Gerry, Stuyvesant Fish, and Ward McAllister. Still later, as we shall see, Admiral Porter, Rear-Admiral Jouett, General Daniel Butterfield, C. W. Woolsey, General Martin T. McMahon, and others, came in for well-deserved credit.

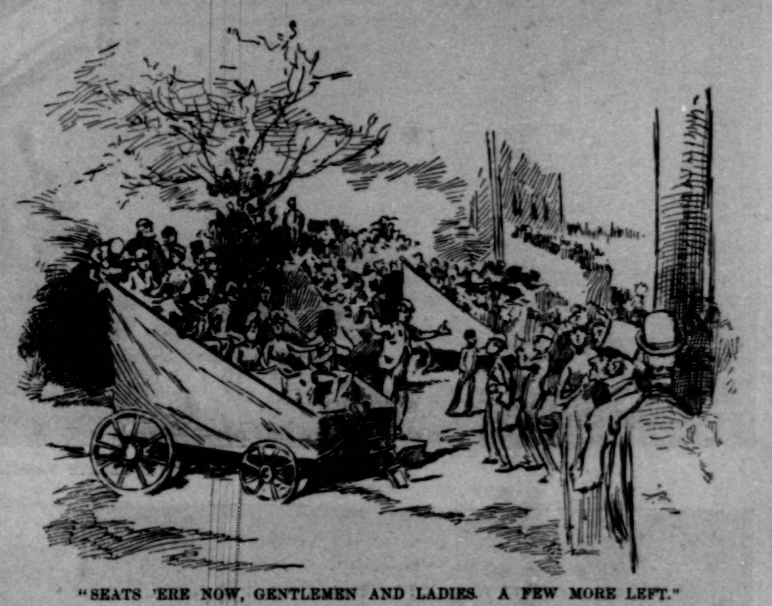
For three days before the celebration began it rained violently most of the time, with the effect of greatly disturbing the minds of the New-Yorkers, and of cleaning the streets to a degree that made them one of the principal glories of the occasion. Monday morning, that of the first day of the celebration, found the sky obscured by clouds, and a chill but westerly wind blowing. It was the day of the President's arrival at Elizabeth, New Jersey, in commemoration of the arrival there of George Washington a century and six days before. The little New Jersey town, which has to-day the same number of souls (forty thousand) which made up the population of New York city in Washington's time, was radiantly decked with bunting, set with three triumphal arches, and electrified by a spirit as patriotic and enthusiastic as that which invested the celebration in New York which was to come. The President rode in a magnificent train of special cars on the Pennsylvania Railroad—a train that is said to have been the most complete ever run on a railroad. Those who rode in it missed few of the comforts that attend life in a well-ordered rich man's house. With the President came Mrs. Harrison, Private Secretary and Mrs. Halford, Mrs. McKee and Miss Murphy, of the White House circle, Secretaries Windom and Rusk and the ladies of their families, Mr. Walker Blaine and the Misses Blaine, the Chief-Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, army and navy officers, and Messrs. John Jay, Edward Cooper, Seth Low, O. B. Potter, John A. King, and the Washington correspondents of the New York papers. Assistant General Passenger Agent Boyd and Mechanical Inspector Pratt were in charge of the train.

Although it was so early in the morning and the day was but just breaking, Trenton was wide-awake, and there the train took on ex-Senator Sewell's private car, containing himself, his wife and daughter, Governor Green, General Striker, Senator Cattell, the Rev. Dr. Hamill, Colonel Stockton, General Grubb, Colonel Donnelly, and Captain Skirm, as well as a dozen ladies, the men being mainly members of the New Jersey Centennial Committee. There was an uproar of cheering as the train rolled past a line of boyish soldiers in Continental uniform of buff breeches and waistcoats, and standing with guns at present arms to welcome the President to the beginning of the nation's jubilee.

President Harrison, Vice-President Morton and his wife, and a few others breakfasted in Governor Green's house, and then took places upon an impromptu platform to view the unique parade by four thousand men, some of whom were Grand Army men, militia-men, the Third Regiment of New Jersey, Oddfellows, men of the United Order of American Mechanics, Knights of Pythias and Knights of St. John, in uniform, Hibernians, thirteen boys dressed as Continentals, and many farmers attired as Revolutionary soldiers, as Indians, as boys going to mill, as old-time farmers, having dragged behind them several floats perpetuating the memory of household and out-door scenes peculiar to the daily life of our patriot fathers. Half the procession the President saw from the stand; the other half he rode past as the paraders were drawn up in line on either side of the street.

The line of march was to Elizabethport—the same line that Washington took when he went to what was then called "the Point" to embark upon a large barge manned by thirteen members of the then seven-year-old Marine Society of the Port of New York, and to be carried by the force of these men's oar-strokes to the capital of the country. In his progress to the water-side in this procession the President had to pass under what was called "the living arch," because its outlines were decorated with the beautiful forms of young girls in white, and carrying banners representing the States and Territories. They flung down upon the President's carriage a shower of roses in bud and blossom.

At the water-side the President and the gentlemen of his escort embarked aboard the government steamer *Despatch* to be carried to New York, and on the way to witness the great naval display and parade, the first feature of the metropolitan programme. The ladies, the Governors, and committee-men of the different States, and all their invited guests, were on board the steamboats *Wiman* and *Monmouth*. The steam-boat *Laura M. Starin* was the vehicle for the press.



"SEATS 'ERE NOW, GENTLEMEN AND LADIES. A FEW MORE LEFT."

Upper New York Harbor was then filled with a motley collection of every sort of steam-vessel. Close to the city, anchored in a line, were the fast cruisers that form the nucleus of our coming navy: the *Chicago*, the *Atlanta*, the *Boston*, and such noble representatives of the navy that Farragut commanded, as the *Kearsarge*, the *Yantic*, the *Essex*, the *Brooklyn*, the *Jamestown*, and the *Juniata*. Then there were the revenue-cutters *Grant* of New York, *Gallatin* of Boston, *Dexter* of Newport, *McLean* and *Ewing* of Baltimore, and the boarding tugs *Chandler*, *Washington*, and *Manhattan*. It was a splendid front that they presented, each trimmed with what the sailors call a rainbow decoration of flags, reaching over the mast-tops from the bow to the stern. Behind them assembled a thousand steam passenger boats, steam-tugs, steam-lighters, steam-barges, and other tugs towing freight barges.

Every boat was festooned with as many flags as could be hung upon it, and each boat was crowded with participants or spectators. There were seventy thousand persons on the water. This aggregation of vessels formed a beautiful picture, and when one thinks of the magnificence of nature's arrangement of the bay, and considers that it formed a frame of the picture, with its green highlands, its statue-topped and fort-crowned islands, its two-rivers meeting at the point of a city of towering buildings, the grandeur, the magnificence of the scene can be appreciated. Never in this country, in all probability never in Europe, was seen anything of the sort to approach it.

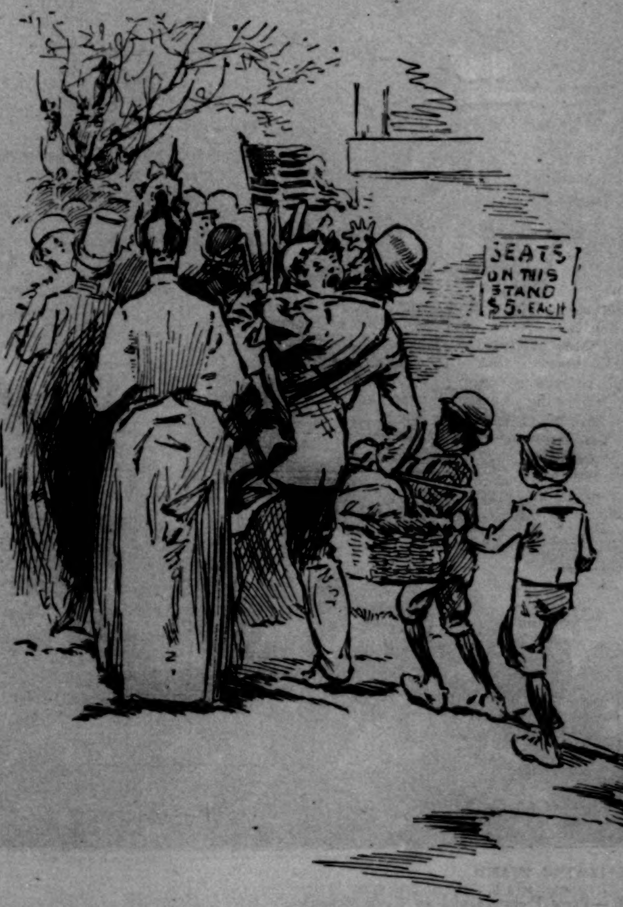
The city itself presented an aggregation of roof lines fluttering with bunting, and fretted with the forms of tens of thousands of men and women looking down upon the water. So ample and prodigious were the preparations for the festival that terraced stands had been built upon the roofs of many of the principal houses, upon the roofs of places like old Castle Garden, upon the ends of the wharves, and elsewhere, while people in extraordinary numbers congregated upon Governor's Island and Castle William, upon Bedlow's Island at the foot of the Liberty Statue, and upon the sea-wall of the Battery Park, where they were massed ten thousand in a body, all with their faces toward the bay. The usual forests of masts that hem the city's sides were now ornamented not only with bunting, but with fence-like lines of sailors, standing hand in hand upon the yards. The boom of a cannon announced the approach of the President upon the *Despatch*, and just then the sun parted the curtain of clouds that had obscured it, and bathed the whole city and the green water in a glorious burst of sunshine, as if nature wanted to commemorate the perfect golden weather through which Washington was rowed to New York a century ago.

Admiral Porter had been placed in command of the naval display, and had chosen for the more close supervision of details Rear-Admiral Jouett and Mr. C. W. Woolsey, of the Hoboken Ferry Line, as his aides, acting also under Mr. Asa Bird Gardiner, of the committee. These gentlemen had arranged an orderly system of ten squadrons of vessels, and a consultation of their programme suggested the idea that the boats were to be drawn up in separate battalions in different parts of the bay. Whether this was enforced or not, it is a fact that the number of vessels became so great as to practically fill the bay, so that a chaos which was both picturesque and wonderful took the place of system. A passageway was left through the mass of stationary vessels, and through this the *Despatch*, bearing the President, made glorious progress. Not only was she festooned with the rainbow line of bunting fore and aft, but she was also decked with lines of flags hung from side to side, and also stretched over the tops of the masts. As she approached the city she seemed like some great tropical bird of brilliant plumage skimming over the water. As she passed each vessel its colors were dipped, and when she came to the government boats, each ripped the atmosphere with a Presidential salute of twenty-one guns, each boat obscuring itself in a fog-bank of smoke as its guns were fired.

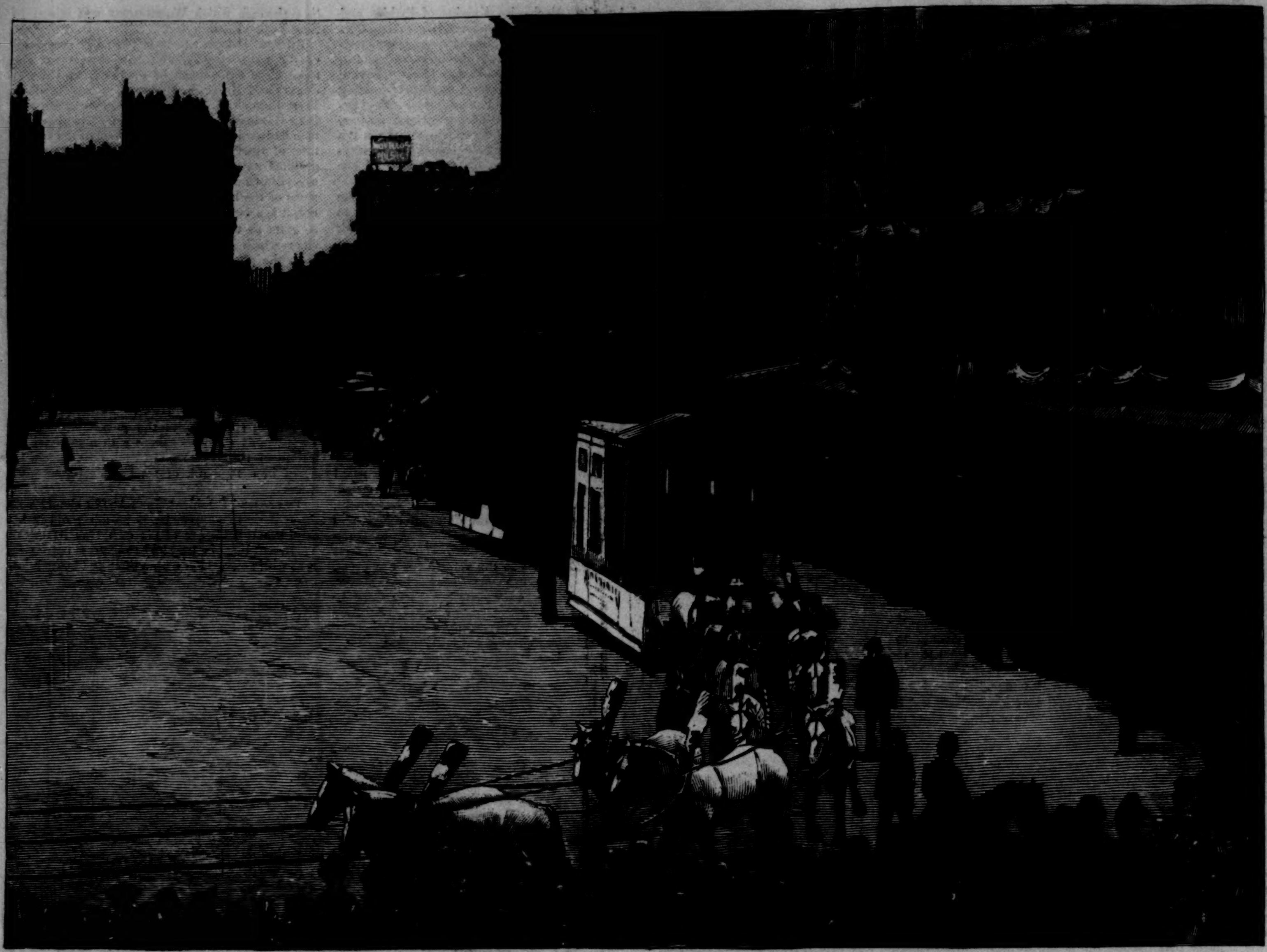
Our second President, John Adams, should have been there to appreciate, as he never did in his life, the full import of his own true American sentiment that the best way to express patriotism was with noise. For with a thousand boats blowing their whistles, with twenty ships of the war and revenue service firing their guns, and with seventy thousand people sending up mighty cheers, to be thrown back by the cheers of hundreds of thousands of others in the crowded city, there was noise enough to express a patriotism even as grand as is our own. The yards of the men-of-war were manned by the sailors, who looked, from the airy distance of a thirteen-story building, as clothes-pins do on clothes-lines.

One of the boats in the convoy of the *Despatch* carried with it Captain Ambrose Snow, of the New York Marine Society, and twelve old retired sea-captains, who were to row the President ashore at the foot of Wall Street. Every skipper wore a black broadcloth suit, a silk hat, and a dark blue satin badge, and looked in that attire like the prosperous captains of the pilot-boats of old, who used to dress in that way. They manned a great barge called the *Queen Kapiolani*, and with the assistance of a few sailors seated in the bow of the boat, they rowed the President safely ashore, where he stepped upon a float covered with purple cloth, and connected with the street front by steps draped in the same material. Wall Street was magnificently decorated. The principal buildings were almost hidden behind bunting.

From the wharves at the foot of the street to Trinity Church at the head of the street was a fluttering mass of gay color. The Sub-Treasury, standing on the site of old Federal Hall, where Washington took the oath of office, was especially well ornamented, and was distinguished by a temporary pine platform built upon its steps for the holding of the literary exercises of the next day. It was twenty minutes past one o'clock when the President landed. Hamilton Fish, Governor Hill, and Mayor Grant were on the float to receive him, and each addressed a few words to him. Then he entered his carriage, and made his way in an appointed place in the procession that had been arranged along the route to the Equitable Building. Colonel Floyd Jackson was the marshal of this parade, and commanded the Fifth Cavalry of the regular army, the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion of officers of the late war, representatives of the New York and Kings County Grand Army posts, the uniformed veterans of the Seventh Regiment, the Sons of the Revolution, and the veterans of the Fifth, Ninth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Sixty-ninth, and Seventy-first regiments. In other carriages behind that of the President rode the Centennial Committee-men, Governor Hill, Mayor Grant, Vice-President Morton, Lieutenant-Governor Jones, Chief-Justice Fuller, the members of the Cabinet (excepting Mr. Blaine), Sena-



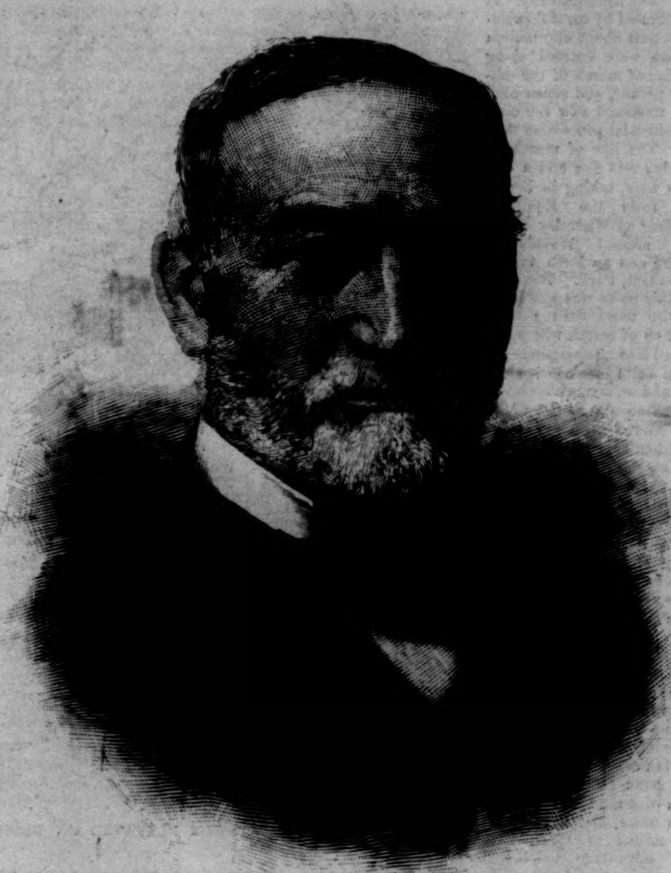
A FAMILY GROUP.



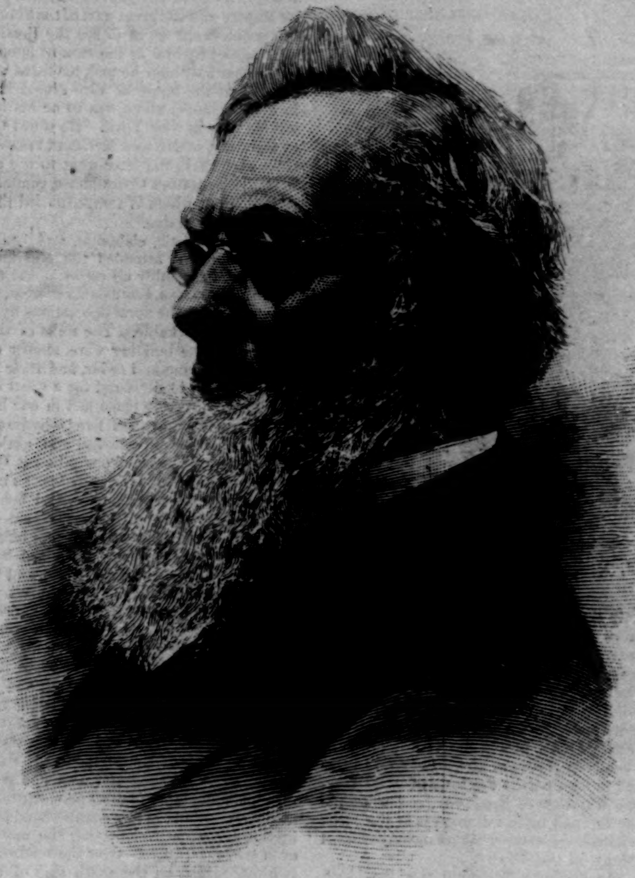
A GROUP OF FLOATS PASSING THROUGH UNION SQUARE.

THE BEETHOVEN FLOAT PASSING THE REVIEWING STAND.

CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF THE INDUSTRIAL PARADE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH BROTHERS.



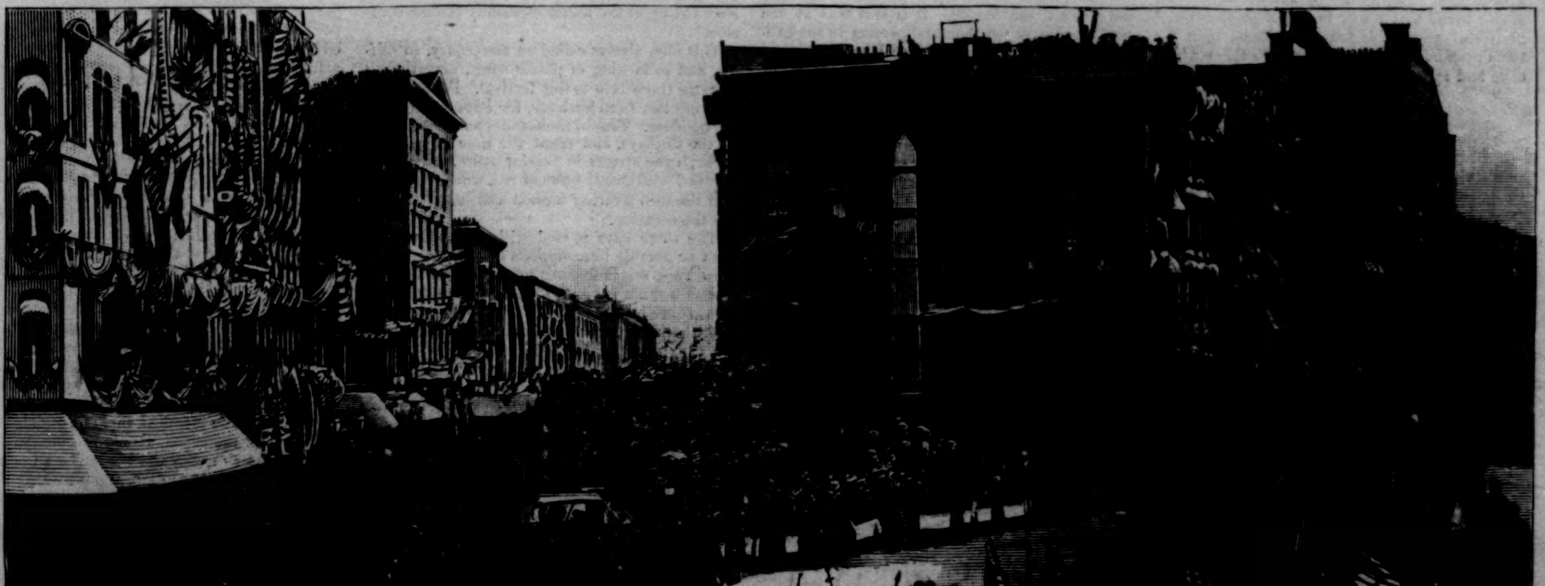
THE LATE WILLIAM H. BARNUM, OF CONNECTICUT.—From a Photograph by Falk.
[See Page 371.]



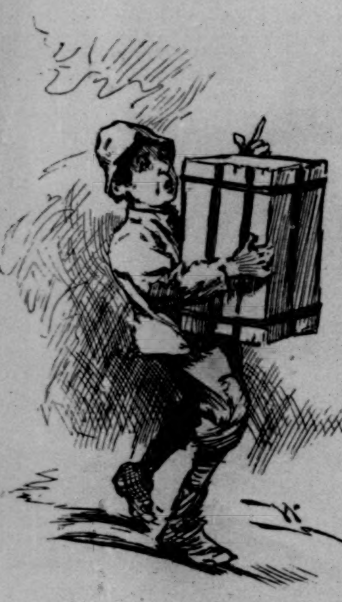
THE LATE REV. FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD, PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.
From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 371.]

tors **Evarts** and **Hiscock**, and a few others. Following the carriages, on foot, were the Aldermen of New York and Brooklyn, the Governors of nearly all the States, the committee-men sent by each State, the Justices of the Supreme Court, judges of the State and city, the heads of the city departments, many of the consuls, and many members of Congress and the State Legislature. All were to take part in an official reception by the President in the rooms of the Lawyers' Club, in the eight-million-dollar granite building of the Equitable Life-assurance Company, which covers a block on Broadway between Pine and Cedar streets. Upon a raised dais the President, Vice-President, and Governor were introduced to a large number of invited guests, principally selected from those who were in the procession that had formed his escort.

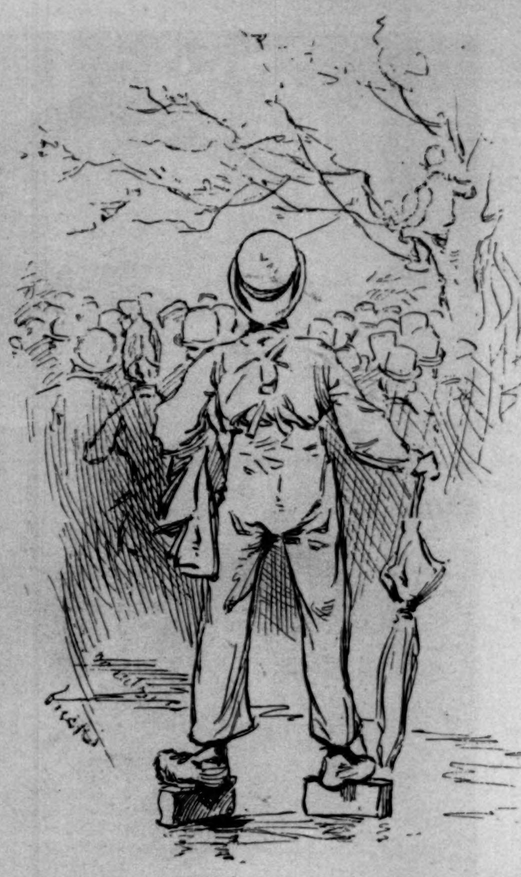
After that the President lunched in a private room at a table which is said to have been the most magnificently appointed and decorated dining table ever seen in this country, if not in the world. Its ornamentation is said to have cost $4500. Upon it were great banks of roses in which were distributed electric lights enveloped by pink silk. A great century-plant towered above the centre of the table, and upon its branches were hung orchids and the same pink electric jets. Heavy silver-ware, delicate shell-like crystal and artistic dishes, were among the other decorations. The *menu* was in keeping with the appointments. The hundreds of other guests of this rich club, whose quarters are more elegant



THE SCHOOL-BOYS MARCHING IN THE INDUSTRIAL PARADE.—From a Photograph by Bidwell.



"BOX, MISTER? ONLY FIFTY CENTS."



A VISITING COUNTRYMAN ELEVATED ON BRICKS.

and costly than those of any other club in the world, were refreshed in other rooms.

The narrow old-fashioned down-town streets were densely packed with people. The troops were drawn up in a hollow square in front of the great building, and in lines which faced each other along its main hallway and up its stairs. Gilmore's and Cappa's bands, the two finest regimental bands in America, and an army band as well, each in turn played the tune of "Old Hundred" out in the air of Broadway, and while the multitude listened there fell upon it in the tones of silvery bells the same glorious melody chimed in the steeple of Old Trinity.

From the Equitable Building the President, who all this time impersonated the figure of Washington, went with a fine escort up to the City Hall, which was elaborately festooned with bunting. When the President reached there, in the presence of an assembly of citizens that filled the park and streets near by, little Dolly Keese, the daughter of the janitor of the City Hall, pulled up to the head of one of the flag-staffs the President's flag—a sheet of blue decorated with an eagle bearing upon its breast our country's shield. It was the first time the flag had been seen upon a public building in New York. Fitting it was that on this day of jubilee and peace it should be hauled up by the pink and white arms of a little girl. The President and Governor and Mayor found that a very beautiful plush-covered platform railed with brass had been built for them to stand upon in the Governor's Room, where once and again lay in state the bodies of Abraham Lincoln and of General Grant, and where Lafayette had stood in life. It is also the room where New York city stores cherished pictures of its Mayors and the great men of the State. There the people were let in to see the President, and they passed by him at the rate of 5000 an hour. In another half-hour he took his leave, and joined his wife at the house of Vice-President Morton, in Fifth Avenue, which was to be his home during his stay in New York. He dined that night as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, in Gramercy Park, and later went to the great ball in the Metropolitan Opera-house, commemorative of the ball at which Washington led the cotillon a hundred years ago.

For the artistic, elaborate, and beautiful arrangements that attended the creation of this great social assembly all credit is due to Messrs. Ward McAllister, Edmund C. Stanton, and Stuyvesant Fish. The floral decorations by Klunder were very remarkable. The walls of the lobbies in front of the building were almost concealed behind arbor-vitæ and cedar, and their green foliage formed a background for a great display of such flowers as were cherished in our house gardens when Washington lived—hydrangeas, the *Lilium longifolium*, pansies, and azaleas. The auditorium of the great opera-house, the largest in the country, has four galleries. Their fronts were hung with royal purple, and behind every gasalier flags were bunched. The shields of the States also ornamented the curving balconies, the lower one of which was festooned with paper roses. Broad bands of red, white, and blue cloth fell in luxurious curves from the centre of the ceiling to the uppermost gallery. The sides of the stage were formed of flags, and over the stage a hundred flying doves, hung by invisible wires, poised in the air. Lander's band, divided in two parts, sat in the topmost gallery, and when one part ceased playing the other began, so that the music was continuous. Into the great room (all especially floored so that it had an even surface from the back of the stage to the front of the house) came six thousand men and women, the men including more famous personages than were ever seen together in this country outside of Washington, the women displaying the most opulent, even gorgeous, attire. Over the roadway of Thirty-ninth Street, on the south side of the opera-house, had been constructed a temporary supper-room, in which one feature was a champagne counter three hundred feet long. Behind this bar were stored five thousand bottles of champagne of four brands. This room was resplendent with white table-linen, polished silver, and cut glass. At the head of it, on a raised platform, was an oval table for the President and twelve committee-men and distinguished persons. The centrepiece of the table was a golden device, once the property of Louis Philippe. Rudolph Busse, of the Hoffman House, whose proprietor, Mr. Edward Stokes, had taken the contract for this service, had charge of the supper. For this supper and the banquet of the next night $55,000 was set apart for food, decorations, and service. It is said that at one time there were ten thousand persons in the ball-room. It was only after the rush to the supper-room that dancing was possible. The display of diamonds was said to be the most magnificent ever seen in this country.

The next day, Tuesday, April 30th, was the actual centennial day, the hundredth anniversary of Washington's inauguration. It was the day of the military parade. But at this point it is necessary to pause, and to consider the massing of the people who came from the houses of the city and the suburbs and the country at large to share in the jubilation. There never was anything like that congregation in any American city. It is estimated by careful calculators that about one million persons were massed along the line of march of the military parade, and seven hundred thousand saw the civic or industrial procession next day. The line of march on Tuesday was five and a half miles long, taking in Broadway from the Equitable Building to Waverley Place, then around Washington Square and up Fifth Avenue to Central Park. The next day this route was shortened a little more than a mile. The line of march was transformed into a passageway between solid black masses of men and women, whose heads formed an arc as the multitude curved upon the stoops at either side of the street. Extraordinary platforms had been built as reviewing stands along the way. They accommodated ninety thousand persons. Some were put up by the public money and some by private enterprise. Windows along the route sold for from $5 to $150 for the two days. The police granted permits for something like 4800 trucks to be stationed in the cross streets, and these accommodated more than a hundred thousand persons. Some of these wagons held the families of their owners, and some had stands built upon them, as our illustrations show, and were made the means of speculation. Any advantage in height that a man could get above his neighbors was worth money; therefore there grew up a trade in which soap boxes and lemon crates were sold by the thousand at from 50 cents to $1 50 apiece. It is narrated, as an illustration of what the people endured simply to see the sights of the gigantic celebration, that on a corner above Delmonico's a man and woman were seen to stand upon a little box six hours, the man holding the woman up with an arm around her waist, the woman carrying her umbrageous hat in her hand so that it should not strike his face. Yet the crowds were largely of New York. It is not discoverable that more than 450,000 persons came to the city each day and went away each night; nor is it calculated that more than 150,000 persons put up at the hotels especially for the occasion.

This city, always called so mercenary, so selfish, and so lacking in public spirit, nevertheless gave up three days to this festival. Four days in all were lost from business, for Sunday preceded the holidays. Tens of thousands could not see any of the displays, and spent the time in trooping through the streets in holiday attire, the women adorned with pretty bows of red, white, and blue, and the men wearing medals and badges struck for the occasion.

The three days passed without serious accident or notable interruptions of the programme. New York seems doomed never to entertain her guests without having to report some unnecessary violence by her police. In this instance their rudeness took the form of raids upon the people by the mounted force in order to clear the streets. But no injuries that were received were serious, and altogether it is a question whether anybody concerned in the whole vast celebration deserved more credit than the police, who before the centennial began locked up all the thieves, burglars, and bad characters they could find, and who during the progress of the fête kept the vast concourse of people in perfect order. That was great work, and on account of it the names of the leaders of the blue-coats, Superintendent William Murray and Inspectors Byrnes, Williams, and Steers, who were very faithful and active, ought to be mentioned here.

The second day opened with divine worship in most of the churches, and with bell-ringing in their steeples. Public attention was focussed upon old St. Paul's Church, which stands just below the Astor House on Broadway, and which contains to-day the pew in which President Washington worshipped, opposite the pew which once was Governor Clinton's. These and all the other parts of the church (which had great flags flying from its steeple) were gayly decked with the nation's colors. One pair of flags inside the church were the royal standard of France and the old American flag with the thirteen stars, the two banners under which we fought to rid ourselves of the English yoke.

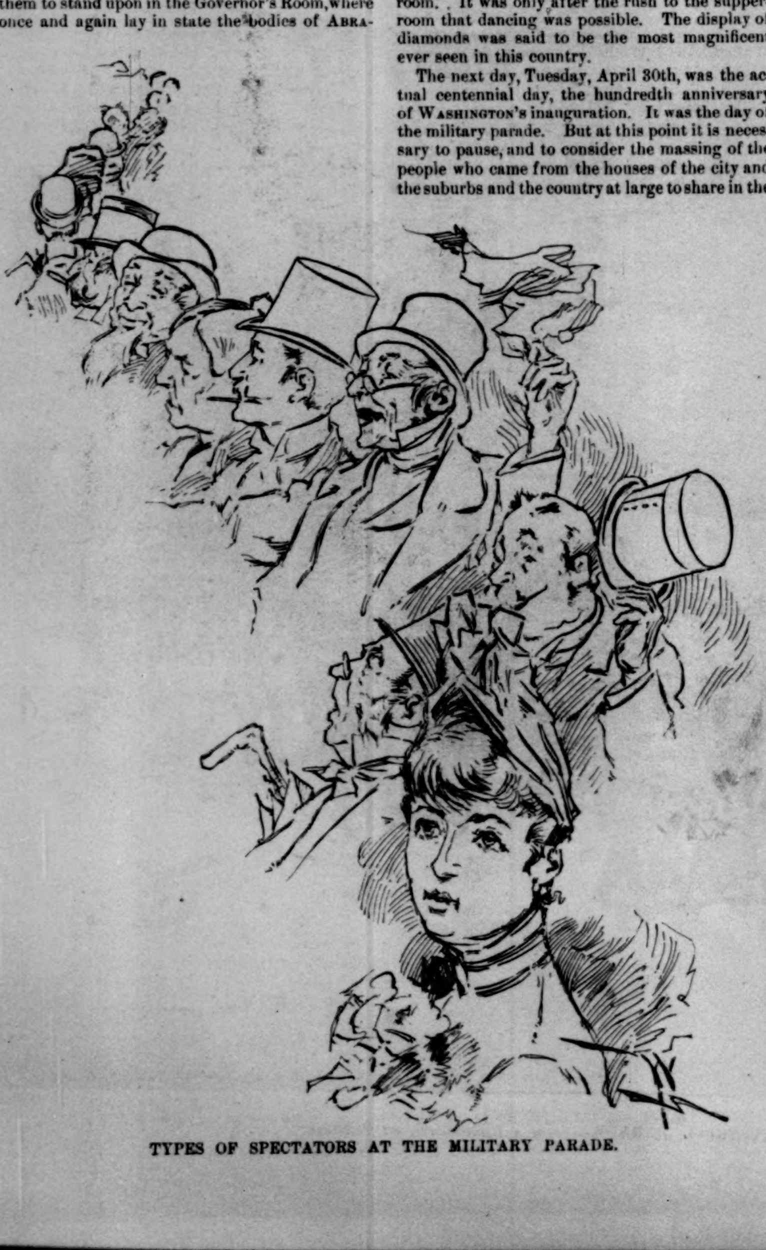
On that morning a notable procession went from the Fifth Avenue Hotel to this old church. In it were the President, Vice-President, Supreme Court Justices, Governor Hill, Mayor Grant, Grover Cleveland, Rutherford B. Hayes, Senators Evarts and Hiscock, the Cabinet Secretaries, the Bishops of New York, Long Island, Iowa, and Tennessee, Mrs. Harrison, Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Jones, Senators Sherman and Ingalls, General William Tecumseh Sherman, the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, and many others. The President sat in Washington's pew, the Governor in Clinton's. A prescribed service arranged by the Bishop of New York was celebrated, and the Right Reverend Henry C. Potter delivered an address appropriate to the occasion. The choir and the part it played will long be remembered.

Although the church congregation was almost entirely made up of notables, they rose when the President appeared, and when the service closed they remained seated until he had left the building. His escort to the street was Mr. Stephen P. Nash. In the procession to the Sub-Treasury Building the Mayor's carriage was first, with Mayor Grant and Russell Harrison, then came the President and Vice-President and Elbridge T. Gerry and Clarence W. Bowen, the last two being members of the Centennial Committee. The Cabinet, Governors, the two ex-Presidents, and all the other dignitaries followed in other carriages.

An enormous number of persons had assembled on Wall and Broad streets just where and just as the earlier patriots must have done a hundred years before. Their front lines were guarded by police, and behind all were some red-plumed artillery-men moving to and fro with fine effect. The stand that had been built over the steps of the great granite treasure-house held all the dignitaries. It was very prettily trimmed with bunting, and so was the front of the building, in whose pediment a great golden eagle was the chief ornament. A great bronze statue of General Washington stands on the steps of this building, over the precise spot which Washington must have occupied; not *on* the spot, for the first President took the oath while in a balcony of the long since departed Federal Hall that then stood there. A wreath of golden laurel leaves was on the head of the statue for this occasion, put there by the order of some one who had not counted the effect, for all were startled and many were shocked at seeing the hero decorated, he whose face has never been seen by us except in unadorned majesty. The Freemasons had brought to the scene the identical Bible on which Washington took the oath. It was preciously defended from rough usage and the air by an envelope of plush. It was placed upon a table that Washington once owned, and beside that was placed a chair the first President had often used. This latter was for the last President, who sat in it well forward, close to the mass of people. Close to him were ex-President Cleveland, who received a grand ovation of cheering, ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, Chief-Justice Melville W. Fuller and a few of his colleagues, and Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the orator of the occasion.

What distinguished the dignified party on the platform above any other such assemblage the people had ever seen in New York were the dresses of the clergy. Archbishop Michael Augustine Corrigan made a magnificent centre to the group under his purple beretta and in his purple dalmatica, or lay gown, reaching to the ground. Around his neck was a golden chain, to which was suspended his great pectoral cross of gold. The Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, always wears a black robe when he preaches, and this and a skull-cap he wore on that occasion, while the Rev. Dr. Eliphalet Potter and the Bishop of Iowa also wore partial canonicals. There were resplendent military uniforms on the platform, so that the whole effect was such as we hear of on such occasions in other countries oftener than in this. Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry opened the exercises with a few words, and introduced the Rev. Dr. Storrs, who invoked the Divine blessing upon the nation. President Harrison arose and stood beside him with bowed head and with one hand resting on the Washington Bible.

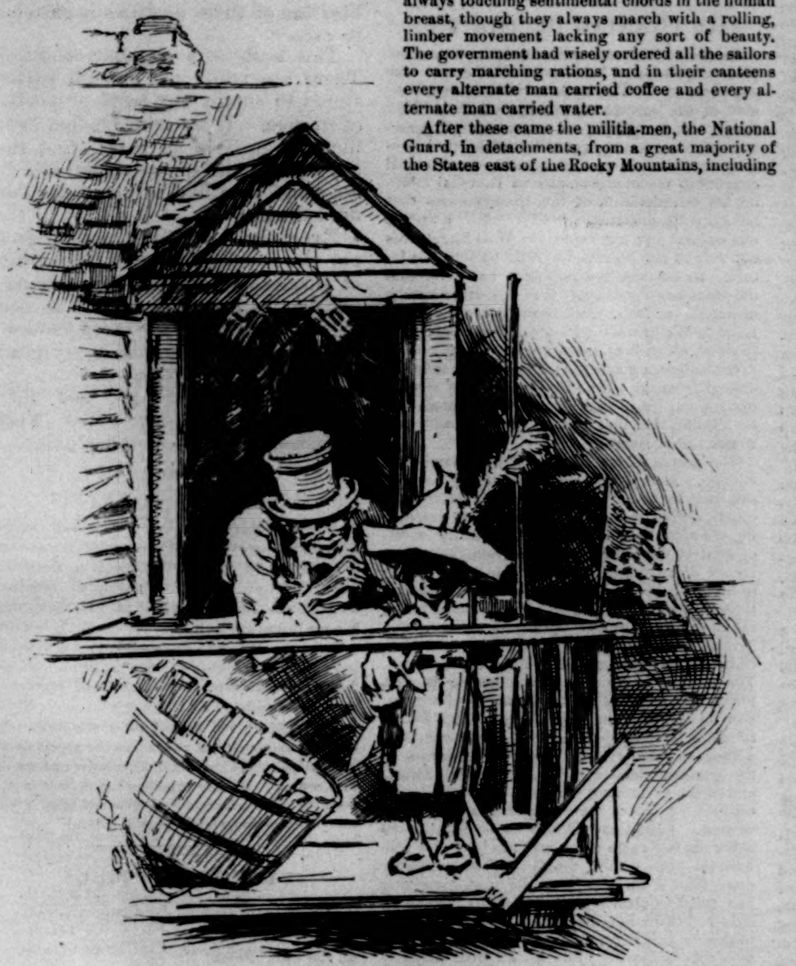
John Greenleaf Whittier had written and sent from Oak Knoll, Danvers, Massachusetts, a poem for the occasion, called "The Vow of Washington," and it was read to the multitude by Mr. C. W. Bowen, a committee-man. The lines,



TYPES OF SPECTATORS AT THE MILITARY PARADE.

"O city sitting by the sea,
How proud the day that dawned on thee!"

seemed to the people as fitting for the present day as for that greater one they were written to celebrate. Then Mr. Depew was introduced as the orator of the day amid great cheering. He spoke for twenty-five minutes, and was at his best in the matter and manner of his address. President Harrison followed with a short address, and then the purple-clad Archbishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of New York advanced, and raising his jewelled hand, pronounced a benediction.



A THOMPSON STREET DISPLAY.

While these exercises, commemorative of the actual inauguration of Washington, were in progress, the greatest military display since the return of the troops to Washington at the close of the war—the greatest ever made in time of peace in America—was under way in Broadway. All the streets below Chambers Street on the west side of the city and below Beekman Street on the east side were gay and crowded with troops drawn up in waiting to take their places in the great movement. War and peace were seldom more effectively and picturesquely suggested in their eternal kinship than by the scenes in the streets, where drummer-boys sat on their drums in the roadways along which guns were stacked, while the soldiers, in the uniforms of the troops of nearly all the States, stood at rest between the now deserted but bunting-covered business houses. It was to be a wondrous procession. The men in it numbered nearly 52,000, and if all parading at once would have covered eleven miles when halted. The President and the principal personages on the Sub-Treasury platform were driven in carriages past the soldiers, who were already under way to the reviewing stand at Madison Square. There were great stands at the City Hall Park, Washington Square, Union Square, and Madison Square. At the last-mentioned two stands faced each other, and turned the roadway of Broadway into a walled lane. Of these two great sloping hillocks of bench-covered boards the one on the right or east side was for the President, a bow-shaped place having been built for him (and his Cabinet and others) in its front. The neighborhood was solidly packed with people; so were the roof lines, the windows, balconies, and other points of advantage for sight-seeing. For six hours these people stood or sat, for five hours and a half the troops swept by, now in sober blue, now in brilliant dress, and now on horses. All that time the music of bands, the tread, tread, of feet, the rumble of gun-carriages, the clank of swords, the rattle of horses' hoofs, and the fast-flying waves of applause from the spectators filled the air. The business of the town was paralyzed; the city had been captured by pleasure-seekers.

It had been said that to move troops past a given point at the rate of 7000 an hour was a remarkable and seldom-reached performance, but on this occasion there is said to be no doubt that the men and horses swept along at the rate of 9500 an hour! And the men were in wide lines, averaging 18 men in a file, and sometimes including 22 men. The ranks were so close together that in notable instances, like that of the marching of the West Point Cadets, the knees of one file fitted into the bends of the legs of the file in front of them. Major-General John M. Schofield, head of the regular army, and Chief Marshal of the parade, cut a splendid figure as he rode in resplendent uniform with his brilliantly caparisoned staff at the head of the line. Then came two thousand or more regulars of the cavalry and infantry service, and then the cadets from West Point marching like one man possessed of all the legs of the great school. The artillery and light batteries of the regular army, with highly polished, glistening steel guns, provoked loud applause. Then came the marines, the naval apprentice boys, and the sailors, the last always touching sentimental chords in the human breast, though they always march with a rolling, limber movement lacking any sort of beauty. The government had wisely ordered all the sailors to carry marching rations, and in their canteens every alternate man carried coffee and every alternate man carried water.

After these came the militia-men, the National Guard, in detachments, from a great majority of the States east of the Rocky Mountains, including distant Texas and the District of Columbia. They marched in the order in which the States were admitted to the Union, Delaware's 370 men leading, with a band attired in peacock blue uniform. At the head of each body of troops rode the Governor of the State they represented, usually with his staff. Nearly all the Governors were in civilian attire. Notable exceptions were Governor Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, and Governor Gordon, of Georgia—two dashing, splendid men on horseback, whose appearance was one of the sensations of the day. Governor Beaver, crippled by the loss of a leg and lashed to his horse, led the splendid quota sent by Pennsylvania. That State was represented by 8000 men in line, or something like 75 per cent. of her entire force. All wore the dull State uniform, but they carried with them all the impedimenta of soldiers going to battle, excepting ammunition. They carried their knapsacks, blankets, haversacks, canteens, cartridge-boxes, rifles, and tin cups. General Hastings, of Pennsylvania, cut a very soldier-like figure and won great applause. New Jersey's troops, led by Governor Green, and numbering 3700 men, made a gaudy and splendid display, because their regimentals differed, and were often very showy. Georgia sent only 35 men—General Gordon and his staff. Connecticut made a brave display with her Foot Guards, dressed with grenadier hats, buff breeches, and red coats, and with her other troops, numbering in all 600 soldiers. Massachusetts contributed 1500 men, including the justly famous Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston, dressed in two or three differing styles of attire, each more ancient than the other. There were 500 Maryland men, and twice as many from New Hampshire, the Granite State having sent the three bodies of men that make up the entire State force. Vermont sent 700 Green Mountaineers. Governor John P. Richardson, of North Carolina, led 500 men, one body of them carrying the flag of a regiment that existed before the Revolution.

Then came 90 per cent. of the home guard of the State of New York, or all that could be mustered on any order at any time; 12,000 men in four brigades, eighteen regiments, one battalion, and five batteries. Leading them were Governor David B. Hill, in plain clothes, and his uniformed staff, Adjutant-General Porter, once the famous Colonel of the still more famous Twenty-second, and his staff, and Brigadier-General Louis Fitzgerald, whose resplendent troop of staff-officers wore snow-white breeches. For an hour and nearly another half-hour the solid ranks of the men of the Empire State swung by, every man with his ankles clad in white canvas leggings, and every regiment except two in the sober State uniform. The two exceptions were the famous Seventh Regiment of rich young men and marvellous training, and the almost equally splendid Twenty-second, the former wearing gray coats and white helmets, the latter in white coats decked with gold. The Seventh Regiment turned out 1021 out of a quota of 1075 men. In all the parade there were four bodies that struggled for applause as the most automatic, rigid, and perfect marching bodies. These were the West Point Cadets, the Seventh Regiment of this city, the boys of the Michigan Military Academy, near Detroit, and the Twenty-third Regiment of Brooklyn. It is not for us to decide the superiority of either. They all four marched like machines.

Fitzhugh Lee, like a Marshal of France in his soldierly bearing, led Virginia's yellow-plumed cavalry and red-plumed artillery, 500 in all. Ohio had 8200 men, with Governor Foraker in command, and there were also in line the small forces from Rhode Island, Louisiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Florida, Texas, and the District of Columbia. Texas sent her Belknap Rifles, all in white. The parade closed with 11,000 Grand Army men and a small force of the Loyal Legion—an organization of officers in the late war.

After that came the banquet in the Metropolitan Opera-house, where the grand figures and dimensions which marked every feature of the great celebration were still in order. Places were set for 800 men, and 5000 others were admitted to see the splendor of their tables and of the banqueting hall—a display never to be forgotten, and never equalled in America. The floor that had pulsated to the steps of the dancers of the night before was now all but covered with tables, arranged as pairs of magnets, ends to ends, with smaller tables within the loops of and between the magnets. On the tables were mounds of lilies, which, being set upon sheets of mirror glass, appeared to float on miniature lakes; here and there between the tables were great clusters of hydrangeas upon leaved stalks so tall as to almost close the view from different points. In other places arose beds of pink roses and of white roses, with tall spires of calla lilies rising above them. There is said never to have been anything like such beautiful floral decoration in a public hall in New York before. The shields and coats of arms of States on the fronts of the balconies were wreathed with flowers. Above the boxes were enormous bunches of roses. The air above seemed full of greenery and flowers, for long curving lines of laurel, evergreen, and roses fell from the ceiling to the boxes and galleries, and in the centre of all was an octagonal construction from whose points hung lines of flowers. The front of the proscenium arch bore a painting of Washington, hung before lines of greenery so closely placed as to suggest a netting that reached across and hid the arch. Everywhere in amazing profusion were brilliant jets of light.

At eight o'clock President Harrison appeared, with Mayor Hugh J. Grant and Vice-President Morton, Governor Hill, Elbridge T. Gerry, Chief-Justice Fuller, and other distinguished men and members of the Centennial Committees. The Mayor took the head of the table as the official representative of the city, which was the host of the occasion. At the grand table where he presided these were the banqueters: the President, the Governor, the Vice-President, the Lieutenant-Governor, Chief-Justice Fuller, Judge Charles Andrews, General Schofield, Admiral Porter, Senator Evarts, Senator Hiscock, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Cleveland, Bishop Potter, Speaker Cole, Secretary Redfield Proctor, S. S. Cox, General Sherman, Clarence W. Bowen, and Elbridge T. Gerry.

At the tables and in the boxes above were what appeared to be all the most famous men of the country, particularly, but not at all exclusively, those in public life. There were thousands of them. These occupants of the stage boxes were perhaps the most notable:

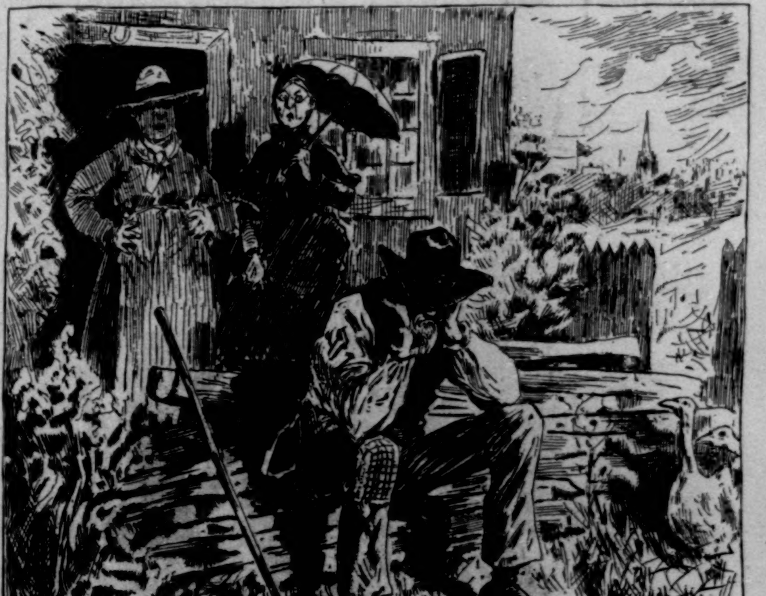
The President.

A. The Chairman.
B. General Fitzgerald.
C. General Sherman.
D. Mrs. McElroy.
E. Mrs. Grant.
F. R. B. Hayes.
G. Grover Cleveland.
H. Thomas F. Bayard.
I. Ex-Governors of New York.
R. The Mayor.
S. The Governor.
T. The Vice-President.
J. Samuel Borrowe.
K. John H. V. Arnold.
L. The Secretary.
M. The Lieut.-Governor.
N. Admiral Porter.
O. The Committee of the House of Representatives.
P. The Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals.
Q. The Chief-Justice of the United States.
U. The Members of the Cabinet.
V. The Committee of the United States Senate.
W. General Schofield.
X. Governors of States other than New York.

The apparent repetition of some names in the boxes and at the chief tables is explained by the fact that in the boxes were the families of the great men who themselves sat at the tables. This was the *menu*, printed on plain cards:

Hors-d'Œuvres.
Variés. Variés.
Potage.
Tortue verte.
Hors-d'Œuvre, chaud.
Petites Timbales à la Ministérielle.
Poisson.
Saumon du Kennebec, Sauce hollandaise.
Pommes à l'Anglaise. Salade de Concombres.
Relevé.
Filet de Bœuf piqué, Sauce madère.
Entrées.
Ris de Veau à la Périgneux.
Champignons sautés. Haricots verts.
Becassines en Caisse. Flageolets.
Aspics de Foies gras, Parcele. Sorbet à la Présidence.
Roti.
Poulets du Printemps au Cresson. Salade russe.
Glaces fantaisies.
Dessert.
Petits Fours. Gâteaux assortis. Pièces montées.
Mottoes. Fruits. Café. Liqueurs.
Vins.
Haut Santerne.
Thompson Sherry.
Château Léoville, Barton & Goestier.
Moet & Chandon, White Label.
Irroy.
G. H. Mumm, Extra Dry.
Giesler, Green Seal.
Romane Counti Burgundy.
Fine Cognac.
Russian Kummel.
Chartreuse jaune.
Apollinaris.
Jules Mumm, Grand Sec (in reserve).

Promptly at nine o'clock the wife of the President appeared in his box. This was the signal for all the other invited ladies to make their appearance in a sudden burst of grace and beauty in the boxes that form three tiers around the auditorium. The effect was magical. All the ladies were in evening dress, and the flash of pink arms and the blaze of jewels were magnificent. Mrs. Cleveland, the wife of the ex-President, was cheered, as her husband had been before her. It was a striking sight to see all the ladies leaning over the richly caparisoned balcony railings to hear the speeches that followed the coffee. The Mayor, who made an admirable as well as handsome presiding officer, read the toasts and introduced the guests. First he called on the Governor to welcome the guests. The toast "George Washington" was drunk in silence, the guests standing. Then Grover Cleveland addressed himself to the toast "The People of the United States." As he spoke, some of the people, thrilled to excitement, rose and cheered; nearly all did so when he finished. Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes's toast was "The Presidency," and General Sherman, honored by fervent applause, spoke for the Army and Navy. Senator Evarts discuss-



LOW-SPIRITED.

"Why, Ann Angusty, what's the matter with Bijah?"
"Well, you see, he went down to York to the Centeneral, an' it cost him so much, what with sight-seein' an' bunco, that it makes him sort o' low-sperited like—"
"Do tell! An' what ever is bunco?"
"Kind of a game he says they play. Bije was always good on checkers an' crokay, but he'd ought ter hev known better than to tackle any new-fangled Centeneral game."

ed the toast to the Judiciary; and other speakers were President **Charles W. Eliot**, of Harvard College, **James Russell Lowell**, Senator **John W. Daniel**, of Virginia, and others. President **Harrison** closed the speaking with hearty congratulations for New York upon the part she was playing in the centennial celebration. There was tumultuous cheering and an enthusiastic waving of handkerchiefs when he began and when he finished.

All over the cities of New York and Brooklyn, in the principal parks and plazas, there were gorgeous pyrotechnic displays. Earlier in the evening there had been a monster open-air concert in Madison Square, in which Herr **Reinhold Schmelz** led a band of seventy-five pieces, and **Theodore Thomas** controlled 2000 voices selected from the great German clubs and singing societies of the city. Thus ended the second day of the great celebration.

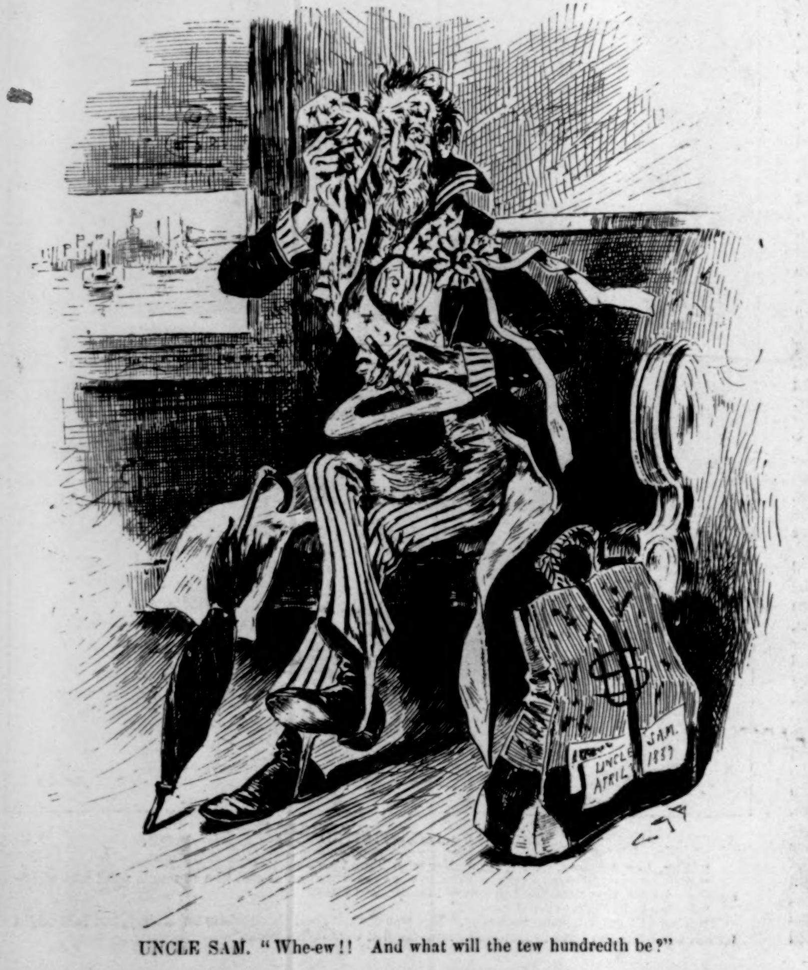
The third day, Wednesday, May 1st, was distinctively that of the people, who, having seen their navy and their troops, were now to join their industrial and other organizations in a monster parade directed and planned by General **Daniel Butterfield**, himself a plain citizen, though once a soldier of valorous record. More than one hundred thousand men had been enrolled as participants in this popular demonstration, and it was early seen that it would be impossible for them to cover the line of march within the hours of daylight. Therefore General **Butterfield** had to demand a lessening of the number of men in each body, until the total force was reduced to 75,000 souls. The route was reversed, the line being from Fifth Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street down to Canal Street as the disbanding point. The parade began at ten o'clock. The weather was superb; the sun glorified the bunting that shone on two-thirds of the houses of the great city; the streets were filled by our country cousins and our own fellow-residents. But although the display was in very many and important respects the grandest of the three days, the most thrilling and the most replete with gratifying surprises, over all the festivity was felt the fatigue of the people; they were tired of so much sight-seeing, of the long-continued strain upon their physical and nervous systems; 250,000 of the million who had packed the sides of the line of march the day before—perhaps 350,000—were now devoting themselves to strolling about the city, happy in the freedom of their movements.

The President arrived early; the head of the parade reached him soon after ten o'clock in the morning. General **Sherman** and Senator **John Sherman** and several cabinet members were with him. A touching occurrence was the arrival of General **Abram Dally** supported by two men. The decrepit old General is one of the two survivors of the war of 1812 in this city, and is more than ninety years old. While supported by his friends he handed to the President a letter in which he said he had been refused tickets to the grand stand and the right to ride in the parade. Instantly and heartily the President bade him come and sit at his right. When this was comprehended by the multitude the cheering was like thunder filling the air. After that the Hon. **Grover Cleveland** drove down the open line of march with the Hon. **J. Hampden Robb**, and again the cheering was tremendous. Then came the Mayor, heading a double platoon of imposing-looking men, the Presidents of the Marine Society, Columbia College, and many societies taking part in the parade, several of which were more than one hundred years old. The Mayor carried in a silver cylinder an address signed by these gentlemen and addressed to the President, and this he handed to the Executive amid salvoes of applause.

Following General **Butterfield** and his staff came the bright-eyed, well-dressed youths of the classes of Columbia College and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Following them were the conquerors of all hearts, the foremost heroes of the whole three days' show, the participants whose performance is even yet the talk of the city—eight battalions of boy pupils of the public schools, with 400 in a battalion. They were led by President **J. Edward Simmons**, of the Board of Education, and by Principal **John P. Robinson**, of the West Fifty-second Street School; but no one heeded these dignitaries, for to the people it seemed that the real leader was the tender drum-major of a band of boys. He twirled his big baton like a necromancer; he saluted the President as **Wellington** might have saluted royalty. The little boys had minds only for one idea, that of marching as they had been taught. They succeeded superbly. President **Harrison**, bowing and applauding with his radiant face, said nothing that he had seen was so soldier-like; Vice-President **Morton**, beaming and applauding, seconded the assertion for himself; General **Sherman** vowed the boys marched better than veterans, and one man cried out, "Thank God, I am an American!" Some women cried and all but danced with joy at the sight, which lasted more than half an hour, and never varied in its presentation of rigid lines of boys with their heads up and their feet swinging in absolute concert. The famous corps called "the German Warrior Band," whose front rank was formed of eighteen men wearing the Iron Cross they received for personal valor in three of Germany's wars, marched no better. The reason was said to be that the men knew something of the futility of finite efforts, and therefore thought of many things, while the boys had but one idea in their little heads—to march well.

The members of Tammany Hall perpetrated a blunder in failing to salute the President until the spectators demanded the formality. So did the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The survivors of the volunteer fire service of New York, led by **Harry Howard**, made a splendid exhibition.

But the Germans not only committed no blunders, they bewildered the city with the glory of their exhibition. Nearly sixty floats—the main ones were shown in Harper's Weekly last week—followed one another in quick succession, the work of their generosity, their freely given money, and their artistic taste. These floats were distinguished by living tableaus, in which men and women displayed the vigor, beauty, and poetry of the Teutonic moral qualities and achievements. Nothing of the sort had ever been seen in New York. Those who had seen similar displays in Cincinnati, St. Louis, and New Orleans declared that this form of spectacle never was bettered in the country. For this great success credit is due to **Joseph Keppler**, of *Puck*, first, and then to the Baron de Grimm, and to **William Steinway**, Colonel **Emil Schaefer**, Colonel **A. E. Seifert**, and too many others for mention here. All the German, Irish, Italian, Swiss, and French societies turned out, but only about 25,000 men in all had reached the reviewing stand when the rumor sped that President **Harrison** had hurried away to catch the afternoon train to Washington. With that the great part of the parade that was to come vanished like smoke. It seemed mysterious at first that this should have happened, for nothing to parallel it ever took place before, but the fact was that the fatigue of the whole city was also felt by the 50,000 men who had been waiting for hours to get their orders to march. It was too great to overcome. They dispersed by common consent, and thus ended the greatest official, popular, and successful series of displays which the American people ever witnessed, or in which they ever took part.



UNCLE SAM. "Whe-ew!! And what will the tew hundredth be?"

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

The centennial celebration caused a more complete suspension of business in Wall Street than anywhere else. There was no interruption, however, of the current of events that make Wall Street, and in spite of the many able yet generally valueless retrospects of its affairs that were prepared for its especial benefit, the financial community resumed promptly on Thursday morning its consideration of the circumstances that influence its operations to-day. Such a course was natural and inevitable, for Wall Street lives not only in the present, but well on into the future. Its business is such that it has to forecast the years more studiously than any other branch of human industry. And retrospects are of little value to Wall Street. Its memory is proverbially short, which is at times a disadvantage. Still it remembers a good deal; and while it may not dissent from the trite adage that history repeats itself, it has discovered that there is no precedent for getting rich that can be followed with any confidence of success.

The people whose business it is to handle securities, and to determine as accurately as they can their value for the benefit of themselves and others, derive no pecuniary advantage by recounting the steps that have been taken in the development of the Stock Exchange from the coffee-houses of a hundred years ago. It is interesting to know of the methods and events that preceded those of to-day, but a knowledge of them is not essential to the proper equipment of those who devote themselves to financial affairs, and especially to the buying and selling of securities. The only certainty with those people is that prices are continually moving in broad sweeps, now up and then down, like the tide, but unfortunately for him who hasteth to become rich, without periodicity. This last circumstance is the greatest element of danger in Wall Street, and at the same time sharpens the keenest perceptions to detect the rising and falling of the current. Conditions change so constantly, are never exactly twice alike, and rarely if ever produce the same results, that it requires something more than a knowledge of the past, something less tangible than logical deductions, something akin to inspiration, and which may be called intuition or judgment, to perceive the change that as a rule is imperceptible to the great majority of people until it is well under way.

These are the reasons that influenced Wall Street to gather up the threads of its endless weaving so quickly on Thursday morning. The growing sentiment that a change for the better in the conditions affecting railroad properties is taking place has been noted in this column more than once during the last few weeks. Some of the influences that are at work have been discussed at length, and should not be lost sight of, as they are being continually exerted, and with increasing force. Of these perhaps none is more important than the Inter-State Commerce Law, the operations of which have proved to be decidedly beneficial since the railroads began in earnest to live up to its requirements. The observance of the law since January 1st has resulted in better earnings all around, and as a rule from a volume of business that is no larger than last year. In fact the managers of some of the Western railroads have been complaining of the light business passing over their lines. The latest advices are that the surplus corn that has been held back on account of the low prices for that cereal that have ruled during the winter has begun to come upon the market, increasing the traffic of the roads traversing the corn belt. The early development of the wheat crop and the consequent promise of a good crop year have raised expectations that, if fulfilled, will have an important bearing upon the future of the Southwestern and Granger roads that have suffered the most severely from incompetent management and the adversity of the farmers in the regions tributary to them.

The certainty that the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad Company is to be controlled by the foreign and domestic bankers, who have become identified with it to an extent that their fortunes have become inseparable, removes a very serious menace to the market for railroad securities. The general situation is not all that the optimist would have us believe, but the signs of improvement seem to be plain. No one expects universal prosperity, and Wall Street is content to determine that the preponderant influences are favorable to a higher range of values. It has been gradually coming to that conclusion, and four days' absence from business appears to have strengthened its conviction, for securities, especially good bonds and the stocks of companies whose recuperative powers are regarded with confidence, have been in unusually good demand. Foreign dealers have taken a good deal of active interest—an excellent development, as in the absence of competent leadership here, London has on more than one occasion the last few years supplied that desirable factor. The market was well tested at the close of the week by the withdrawal of a large amount of gold for shipment to Europe, but this expected transaction had no effect upon values in the Stock Exchange. The local monetary situation is such that the specie can be spared, and, besides, the best judges of the foreign exchange market are of the opinion that the export movement of gold this spring will be smaller than usual.

Collin Armstrong.

New York, *Saturday, May* 4, 1889.

DIAMONDS.

Two qualities are necessary to the ideal diamond — pure color and perfect crystallization.

Less than ten per cent. of all diamonds are pure in color; less than ten per cent. are of perfect crystallization. It follows that perfection in the combination of these qualities is extremely rare.

This leads to a singular condition. There are really not enough perfect stones to supply any large proportion of dealers. If we take London as an illustration, it is an actual fact that the finest diamonds are there sold by not more than five in every one hundred dealers.

Exceptional facilities, arising from our close connection with the markets of Amsterdam and London, give us a position as collectors second to none in this country. Our stock covers a wide range of price, and every grade of diamond is represented.

Theodore B. Starr, 206 Fifth Ave., Madison Square, New York. Correspondence is invited.—[*Adv.*]

AGONY IS COURTED

By persons who, attacked by a mild form of rheumatism, neglect to seek prompt relief. Subsequent torture is prevented by an immediate resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Slight exposure, an occasional draught, will beget this painful malady, where there is a predisposition to it in the blood. It is not difficult to arrest the trouble at the outset, but well-nigh impossible to eradicate it when matured. No evidence in relation to this superb blood depurent is more positive than that which establishes its efficacy as a preventive and remedy for rheumatism. Not only is it thorough, but safe, which the vegetable and mineral poisons, often taken as curatives of the disease, are not. Besides expelling the rheumatic virus from the system, it overcomes fever and ague, biliousness, constipation, and dyspepsia—[*Adv.*]

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Have been before the public of England for half a century, and it has lately been demonstrated that they are nine times more used than all the other Patent Medicines put together, and are to be found in every English-speaking country in the world. In order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, **Beecham's Pills** are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America, where a shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that **Beecham's Pills are worth a Guinea a Box.** —[*Adv.*]

A **Senator's** wife, who is said to serve the best chocolate in Washington, gave the following receipt to Miss Edith Ingalls: Three quarters of a cake of Baker's chocolate, one quart of cold water, one quart of sweet, rich milk, sugar to taste. Grate or scrape the chocolate and mix with the water, thoroughly and smoothly; then sweeten and allow to boil until it is quite a thick paste. Boil the milk separately and stir it into the chocolate mixture, and cook a few minutes longer.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.-[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion. Sold by druggists.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion	$1 75
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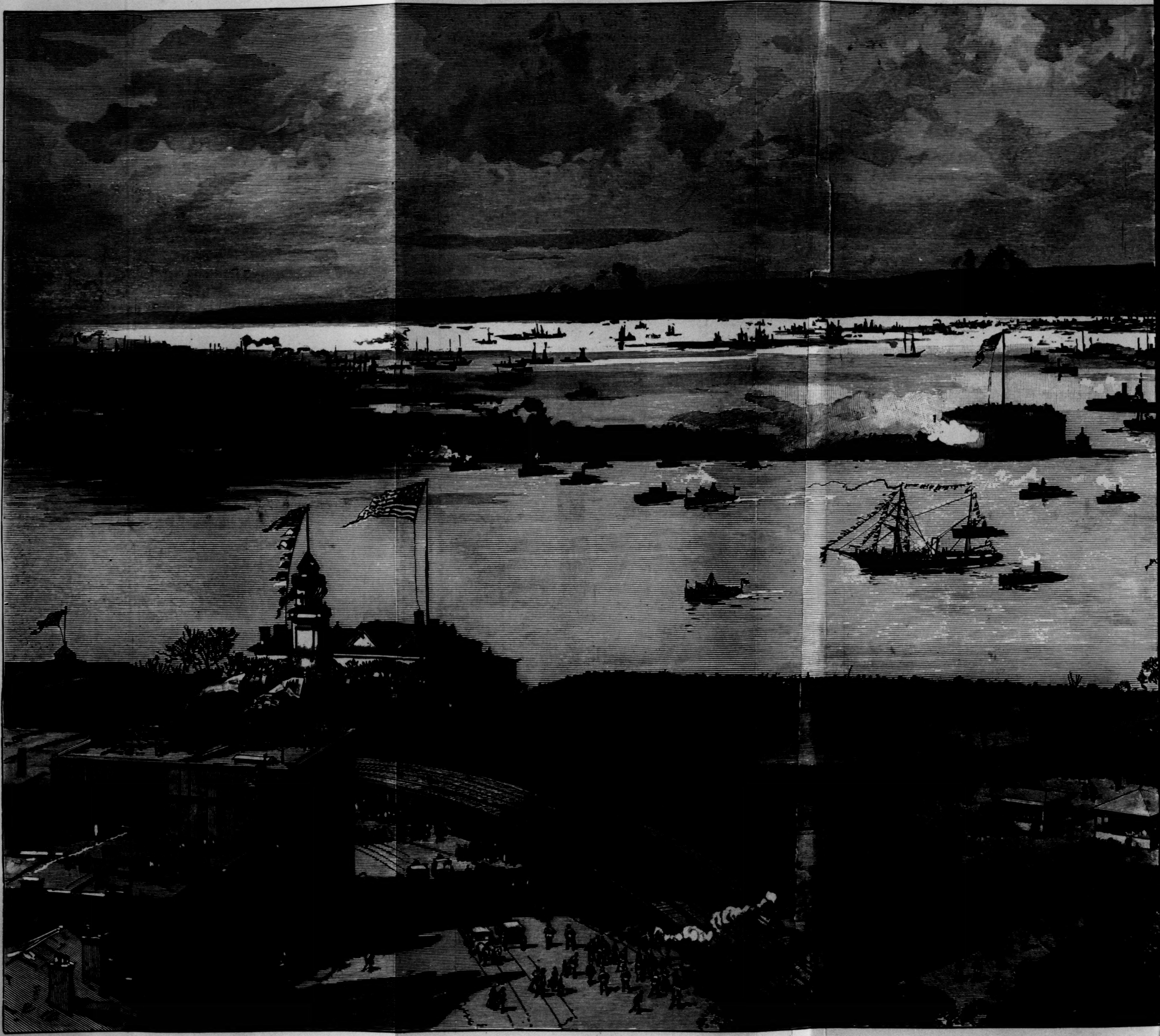
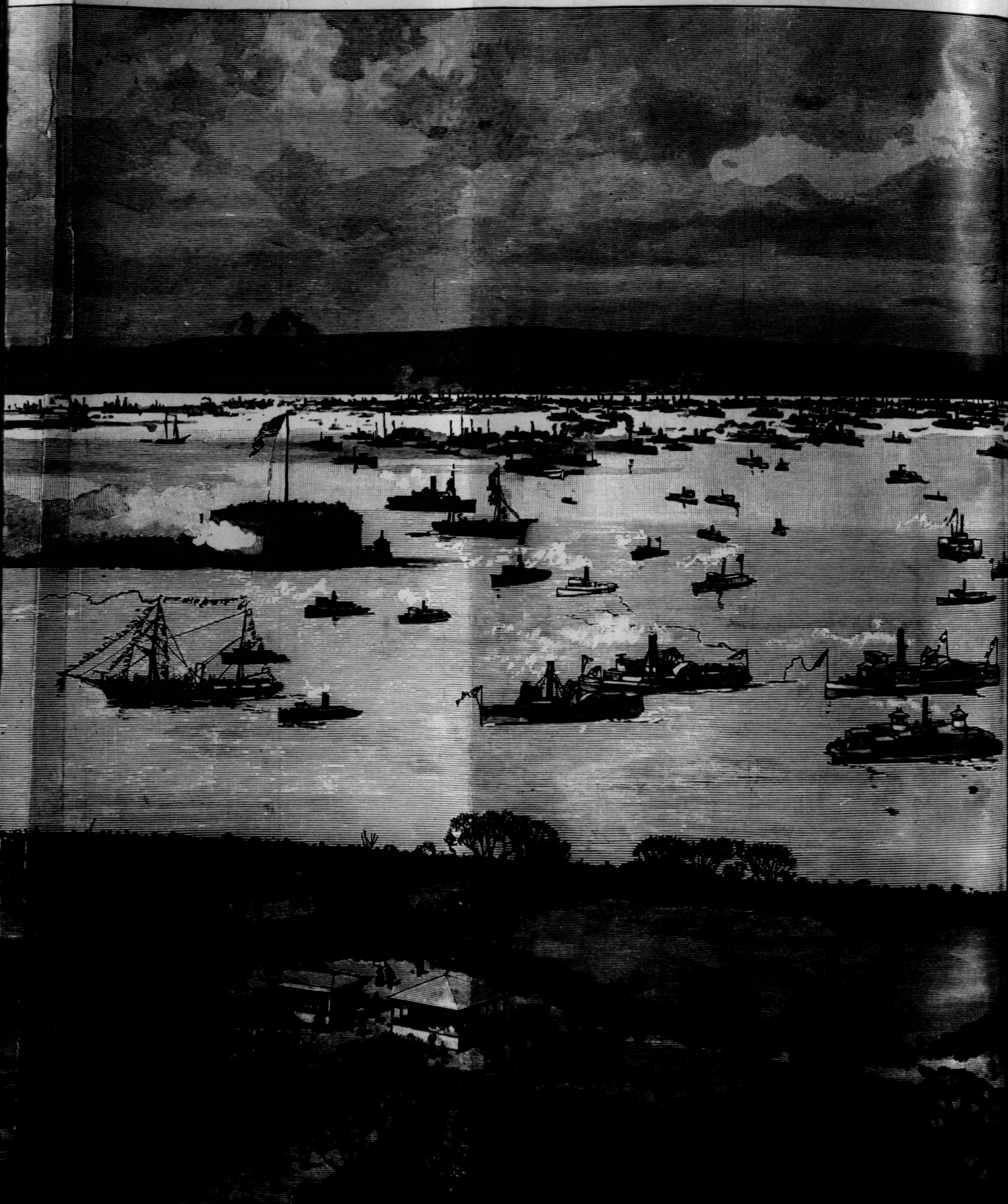

The Barge Office.
U. S. S. "Despatch."
Castle William.

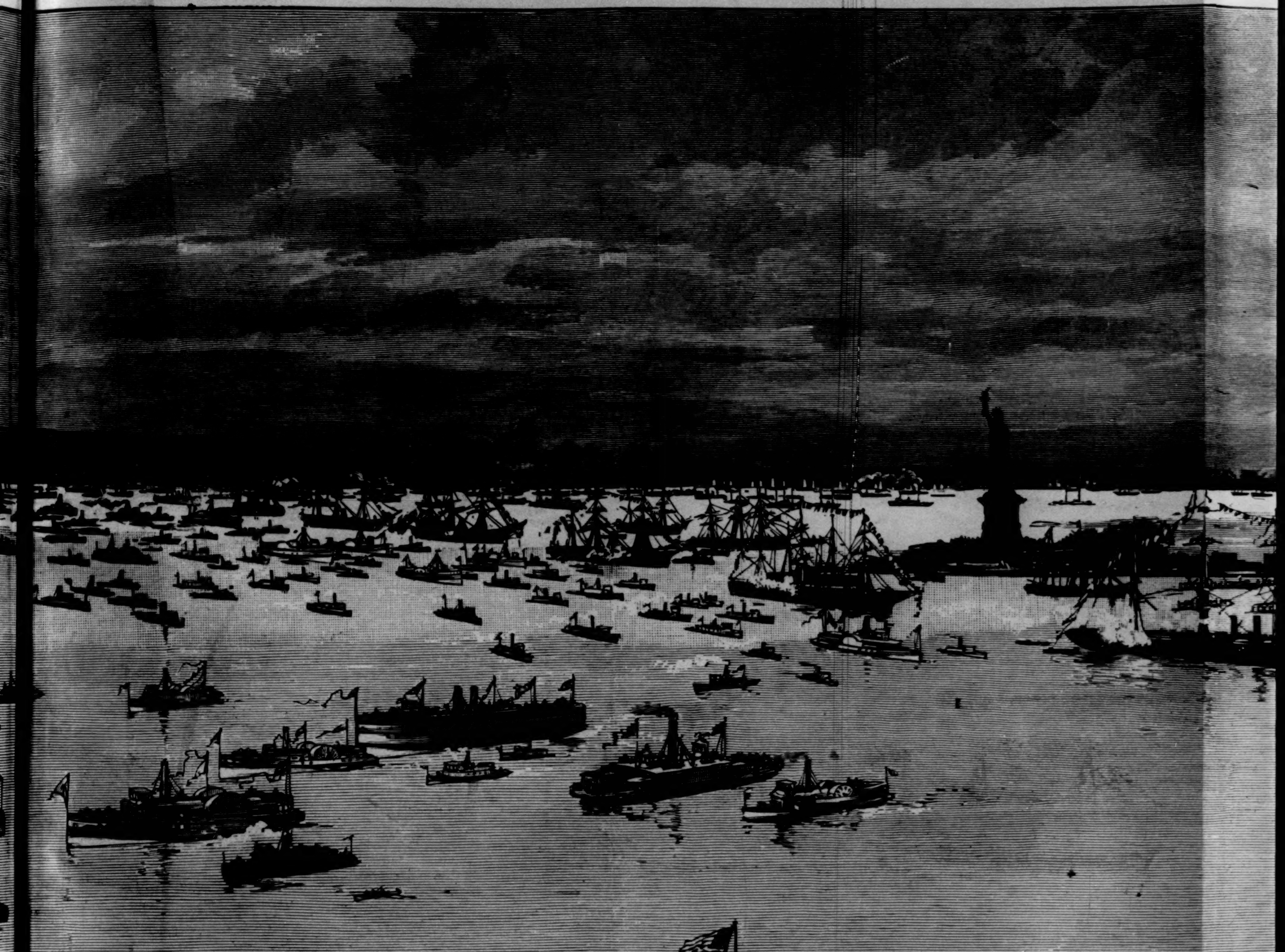
SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, MAY 11, 1889.

THE CENTENNIAL NAVAL PARADE IN THE UPPER BAY-

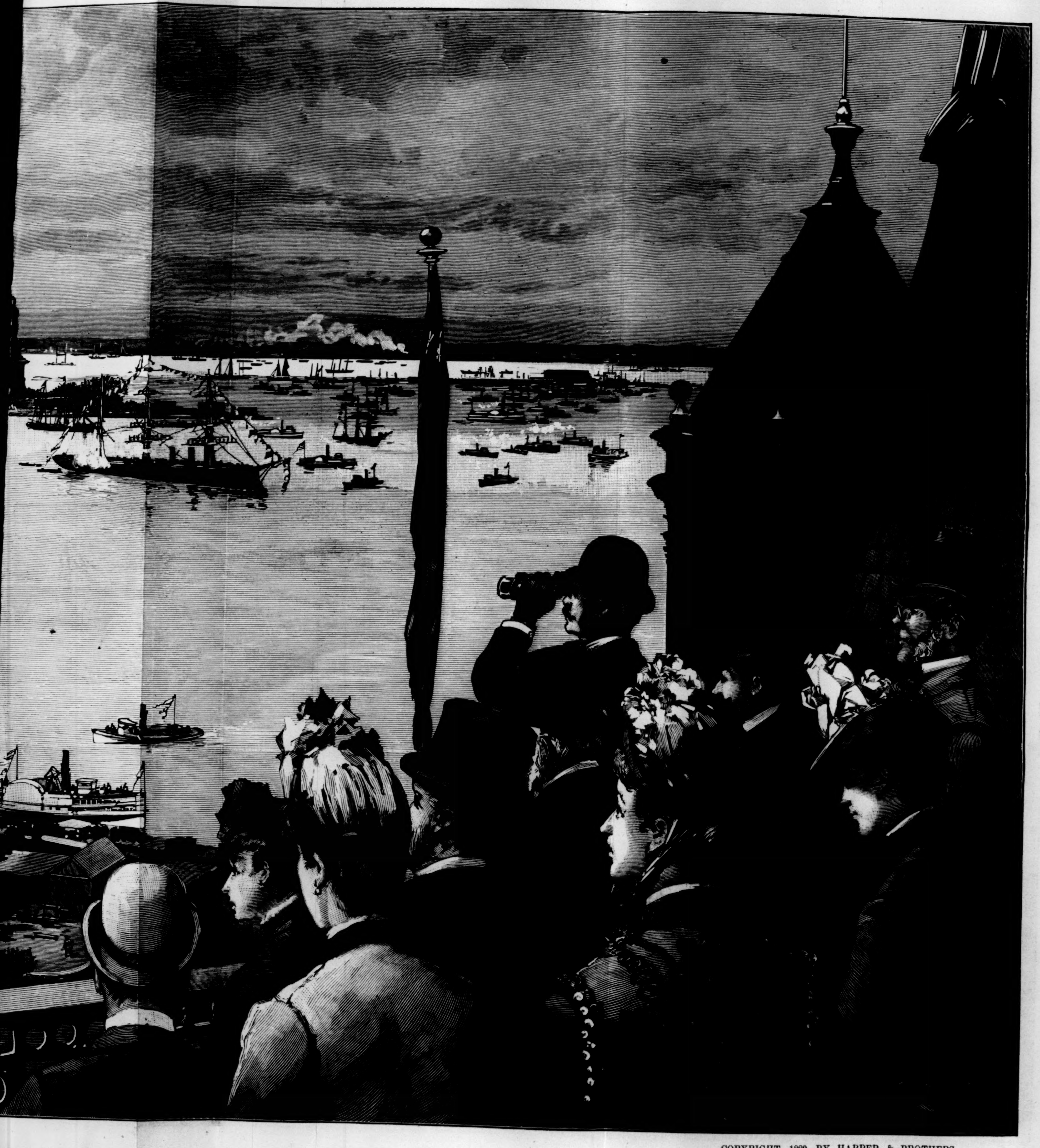
U. S. S. "Despatch." Castle William. Staten Island.



NAVAL PARADE IN THE UPPER BAY—THE U. S. S. "DESPATCH" AND HER CONVOY


Castle Garden.
Statue of Liberty.
U. S. S. "Chicago."

PASSING GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, AS SEEN FROM THE WASHINGTON BUILDING.—Drawn B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U. S. S. "Chicago."

BUILDING.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

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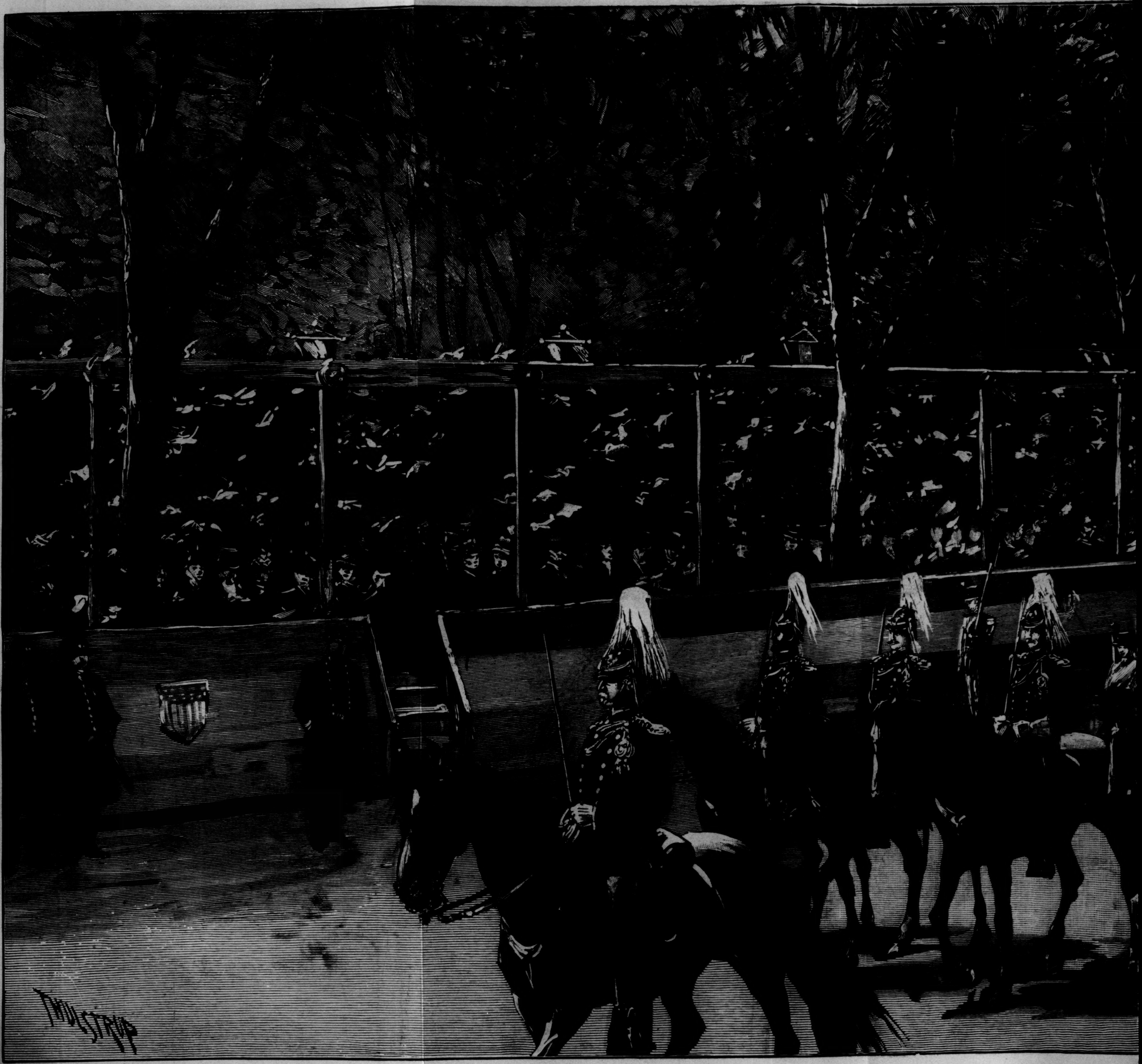
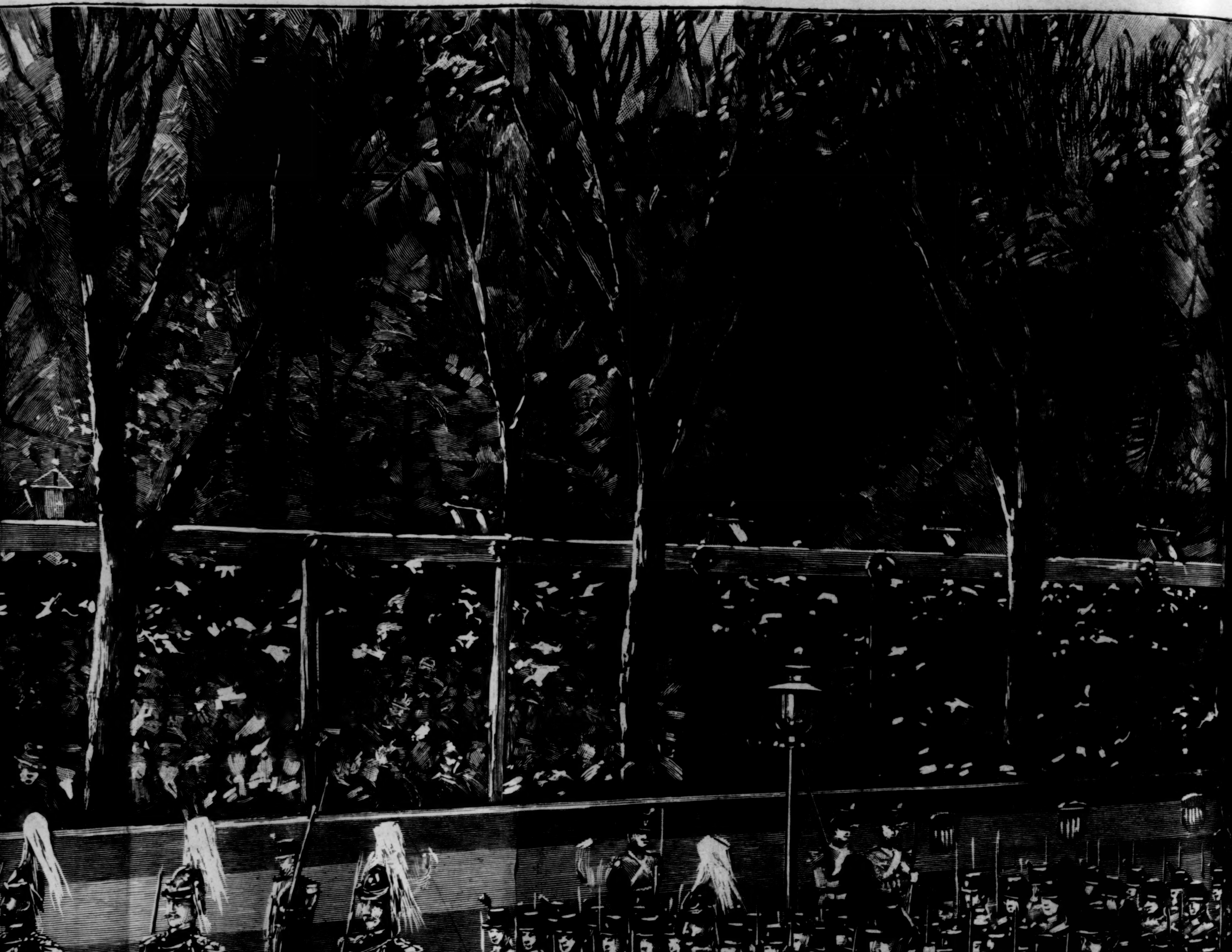
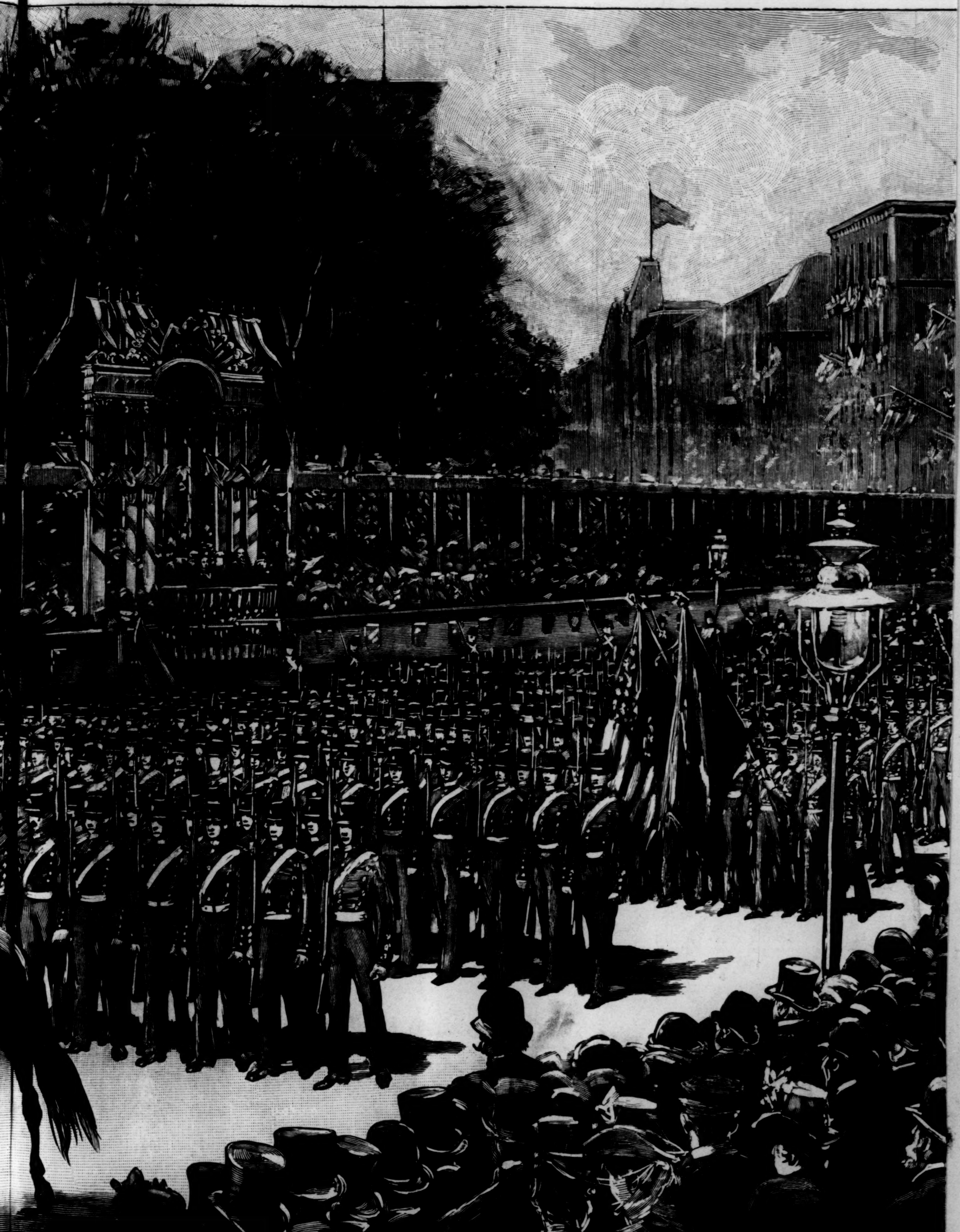


SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, MAY 11, 1889.

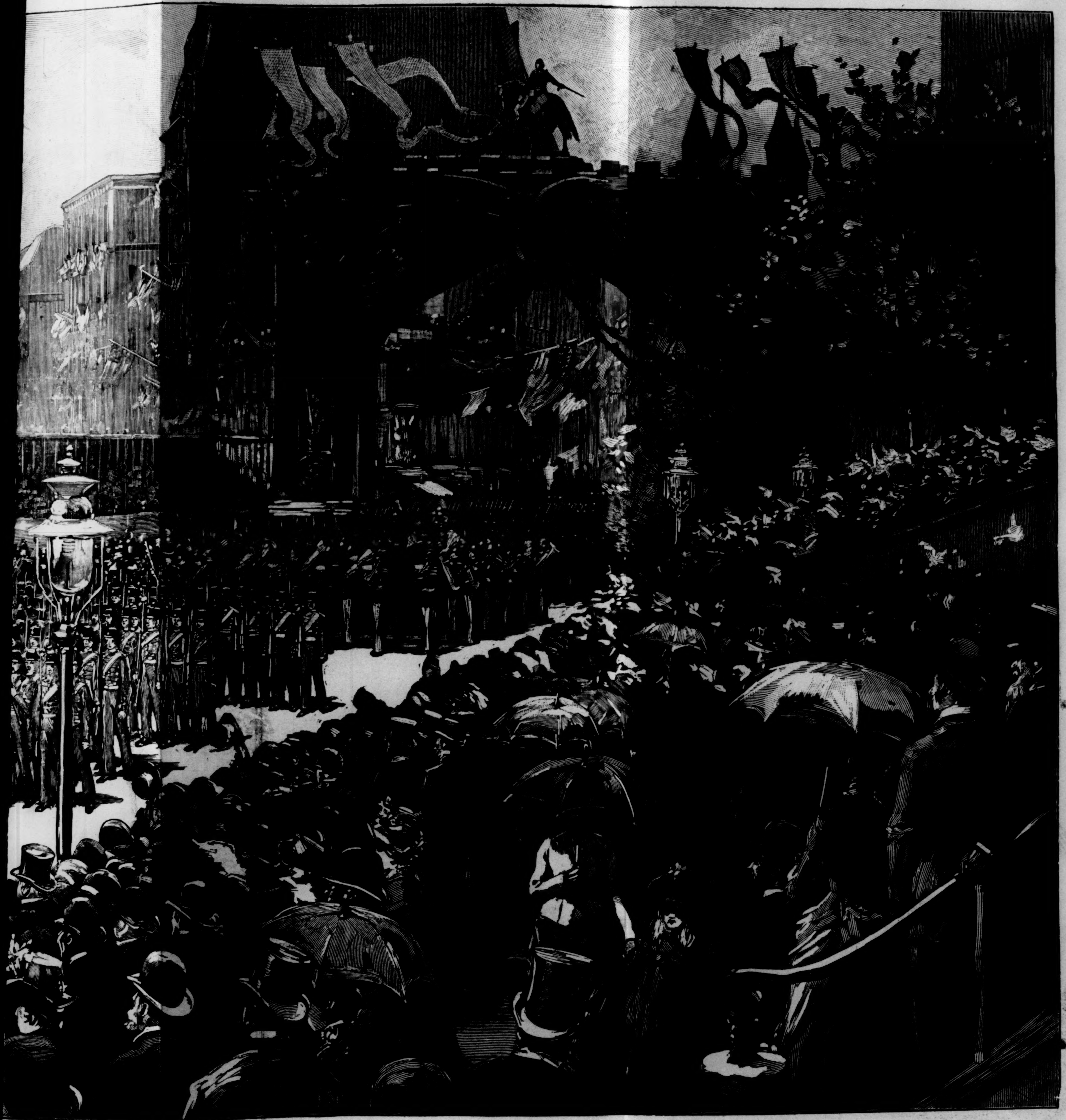
THE CENTENNIAL M



THE CENTENNIAL MILITARY PARADE—WEST POINT CADETS PASSING



THE REVIEWING STAND IN MADISON SQUARE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.



THULSTRUP.

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